"LADS' LOVE," A Short Serial Story by S. R. Crockett, begins in this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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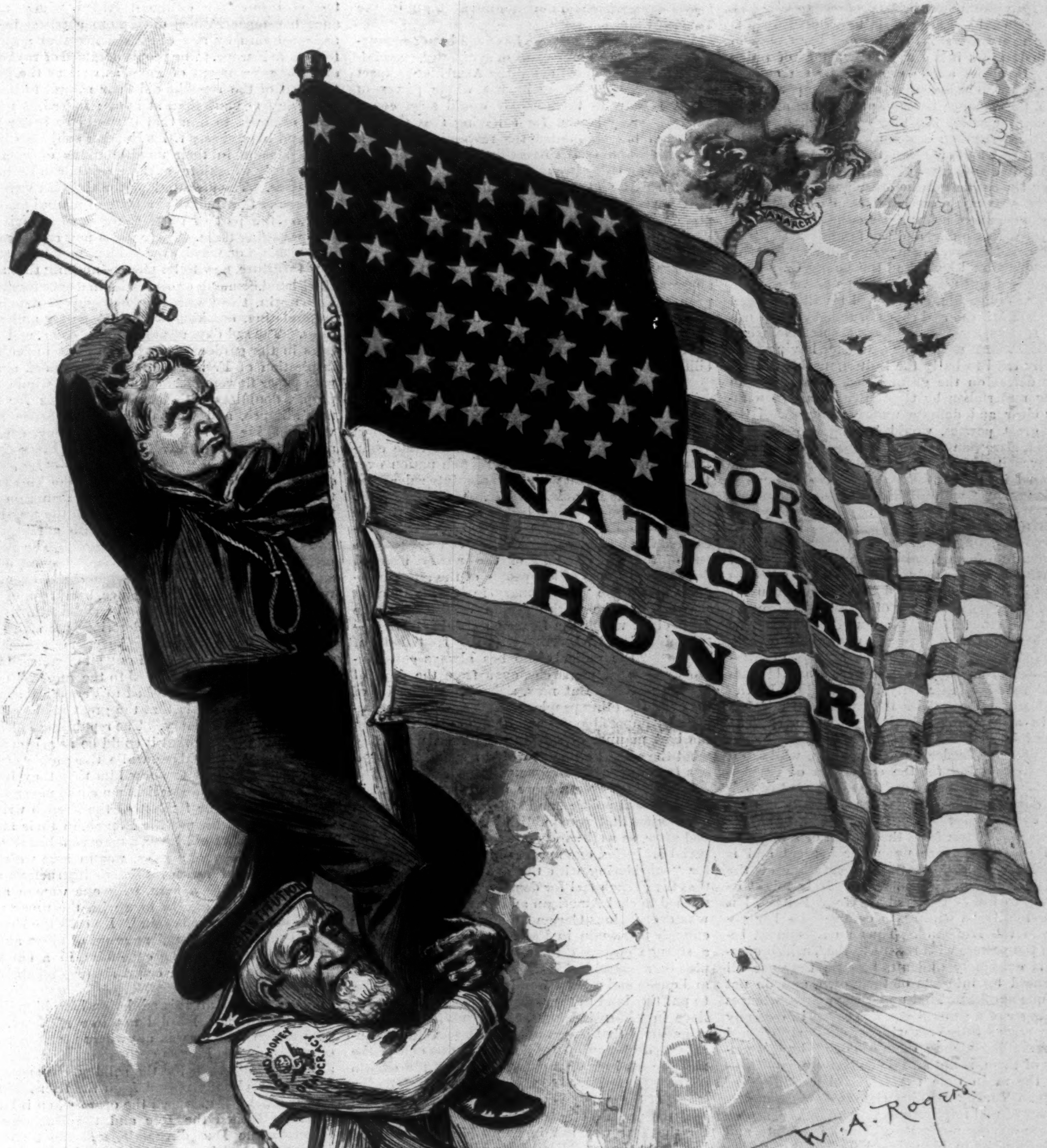

ANARCHY
FOR NATIONAL HONOR
CONSTITUTION
SOUND MONEY DEMOCRACY
W. A. Rogers

THE FLAG IS STILL THERE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE TURKISH NIGHTMARE.

AFTER all the public demonstrations of popular sympathy with the suffering Armenians, in England and elsewhere, and after all the rumors that have been floating about of an approaching concert of action between Great Britain, France, and Russia in behalf of the down-trodden nationalities of the Turkish Empire, there is no visible sign of any European power being prepared to take any decisive step. We are indeed told that Russia is getting ready her ships of war and her troops in that quarter, but it is a well-known fact, of which history furnishes ample proof, that such appearances are apt to be deceptive, and that, especially in Russia, the distance between preparation and real readiness for action is a long one. Moreover, the Russian government is doubtless troubled by the very natural apprehension that the power interfering by force of arms in behalf of the Armenians, without the consent of the other powers, will have a much larger job on hand than a mere military promenade of a few army corps to the seat of the Armenian trouble, and the forcing of the Dardanelles, and a naval demonstration against Constantinople would be. And the young Czar is by no means an enthusiast for warlike adventure.

This apprehension, entertained by all European powers alike, is the real cause of the general paralysis. It was a most significant spectacle when Lord SALISBURY, some time ago, after having ineffectually tried to bully the Sultan, meekly accepted his defeat on the ground that interference in Turkey undertaken by Great Britain alone, without a clear and definite understanding with the other great powers, would be almost certain to lead to a European war, and to bring on bloodshed and devastation far more horrible than any we had witnessed in the Turkish dominions. Nor has Mr. GLADSTONE, with all his fervor in denouncing the atrocities of Turkish misrule and in appealing to the humane sympathies of Christendom, proposed anything in the way of practical action that would go far beyond the limit of sentimental demonstration. Nobody can read his speeches without becoming convinced that there is general shrinking from the danger of a general European conflict, whether frankly avowed or not. Nor can it be denied that such a danger really exists. The popular agitation aroused by the murderous persecution of the Armenians has become general and emphatic only in England. In the other European countries it has made itself felt only in a comparatively languid manner. The French look with regard to this matter for Russian inspiration and leadership. Germany, while sentimentally wishing for the extinction of Turkish barbarism, deems it good policy to keep out of Oriental complications, unless her interests are affected by a very serious disturbance of the balance of power. Austria fears the growth of an aggressive Russian influence upon her borders, and is inclined to look upon the preservation of the Turkish Empire as a protection. Italy might be inclined to follow the lead of Great Britain, but would hardly be willing to compromise her position in the Dreibund. Thus an agreement between the powers with regard to the Turkish question is extremely difficult, because they are all influenced by interests of their own, and do not trust one another. That under such circumstances the danger of a general conflict exists in case any single power interferes without a clearly defined understanding among them all, or at least a majority of them, is not an idle conjecture.

In the mean time the frightful condition of things in Turkey remains the same, without any prospect of real improvement. The Sultan, a poor creature of very moderate abilities, irresolute and vacillating, sits in his palace haunted by the constant dread and danger of assassination, his whole existence being one of incessant trepidation, distrust, and misery. Guarding himself anxiously against all contact with the outside world, he is naturally subject to those secret influences which in such a country are usually inspired by fanaticism and appeal to suspicion and fear. A weak despot in fear is apt to be the most cruel of despots; and thus this Sultan orders, or at least permits, the murdering of his subjects by men of whom it is difficult to say whether they are his tools or his masters. Whichever they are, the effect is the same. It may be possible to extort promises of reform from him, but the world knows what they will be worth if he is intrusted with their performance. Even if he were deposed and supplanted by a man of better qualities, the prospect of thorough and lasting improvement would be very slight. The administrative machinery of the Turkish government is a marvel of inefficiency, corruption, and oppressive arbitrariness. It is pervaded, and so is the army, by an utter lack of regard for the rights of "unbelievers." It has hardly any of those attributes which are essential to civilized government. No government could be less adapted than the Turkish to the delicate task of maintaining peace, even if it were honestly tried, between populations essentially different in race and religious faith, naturally unruly, and easily excited against one another by bigotry or political intrigue; and in no country are such inflammable antagonisms more abundant than in the Turkish Empire.

This condition of things has even been aggravated by those demonstrations of sympathy, especially in England, which made the Armenians expect that active interference by the whole power of Great Britain in their behalf would soon come. There is every reason for believing that this expectation has stimulated the revolutionary spirit prevailing among the Armenians, that it has led to futile and disastrous insurrectionary attempts on their part, and thus provoked bloody acts of retaliation which otherwise might not have taken place. That after all the encouragement of their hopes the looked-for help should not come at all, and that the Armenians, in spite of all the demonstrative sympathy, should be left to their fate, appears like cruel injustice. But there the European powers stand, with folded arms, in the face of a condition of things demanding interference, if ever interference was demanded, all armed to the teeth, but all afraid to strike for fear of the possibilities that may follow the first blow.

THE TSAR IN PARIS.

A FEW days before the Russian Tsar landed at Cherbourg, LÉON DAUDET made some sane comments on the madness of the French nation over the approaching visit which the absolute ruler came to make to the French Republic. He described the intense excitement that had been quickening the blood in the French heart, and had "upset the tricolored heads, and caused strange vanities to issue out of them." He told of the newly inspired dreams and hopes of the people of the strange republic, from the "functionary in his second-class carriage" to the working-man destined for the third class, whom the former repels with rage—"frénésie," as M. DAUDET puts it. He tells us of TURPULIN the radical, who has always conscientiously detested monarchs, even from the days of his milk-teeth. But now, rich with the spoils of his own and other people, M. TURPULIN was dreaming of "impossible presentations," cogitating upon the best manner of saluting the Tsar, wondering what the august autocrat would respond to his "*à bas la Pologne, monseigneur.*"

There was never a more humorous incident in international politics, and after reading the French newspapers that were published immediately before and after, as well as during the visit of their Imperial Majesties, one may easily forgive M. DAUDET for "considering with the eye of irony the love that the French feel for democracy." It must have seemed to cool American and English eyes, and to whatever jealous German might have been clever enough to remain in Paris during the fête, to be a strange outbreak for a people who had trampled on monarchical institutions, had killed a king and queen and a large number of nobility, in order to put the land in the possession of those who believe in "*liberté, égalité, et fraternité.*" But we are assured that it was not, that it was but a natural manifestation of the French genius and of the real French love of royalty. Some of the editors of the leading Paris newspapers, and especially the editor of the stately *Temps*, beg to assure the world that the profuse outpouring of love and devotion for the Tsar was not incompatible with absolute loyalty to the republican form of government and to the democratic institutions that underlie it. Perhaps it was not; but Americans, though they have themselves, when in the presence of royalty or quasi-royalty, furnished the world with some amusement, may be permitted to join M. DAUDET in viewing the spectacle with an "ironical eye." There was never so much popular affection manifested by a whole people for a single individual. The English are clearly incapable of it; and with all our own enormous eagerness to watch and even to spy into the daily life of remote relatives of kings, we too lack the "genius" for excitation that the French have shown. When the Prince of Wales, a few years ago, recovered from a serious and dangerous illness, the happy occasion was seized upon as an opportunity for reviving the love and loyalty of the English for the heir who had done much to forfeit both. And not only was the object accomplished, but there has rarely been seen such enthusiasm in the streets of London as was then manifested. But it was a pale and sickly thing, that English enthusiasm, compared with the surging, frenzied, almost inarticulate passion with which the newspapers and the people of France (who govern themselves) welcomed the cool, contemptuous, and self-contained young man who believes that the people ought always to be governed, as his people are, by a single will, and that republics are a nuisance because they menace the stability of thrones.

All ranks of society joined in the mighty prostration before the effulgent friend whose alliance has made France once more a power to be reckoned with by any other alliance that may be formed in Europe. The people dreamed of royalty, and the government of Paris as well as the government of the republic did their utmost to make the Tsar feel more than at home; indeed, it must have occurred to him that it would be better for him and his dynasty if his Russian subjects could be as sincere in their manifestations of loyalty and as truly worshipful as these republican Frenchmen were. The preparations for the visit were of a character that indicated a state of mental exaltation on the part of those charged with devising and preparing them. There was a new royal train, in which no one had ever ridden, new hangings, new furniture, new toilet pieces—nothing that any other hand, common or otherwise, had ever touched. And again, there were the newspapers dancing, gesticulating, breaking forth into poetry and pictures. The sad days of autumn had come, and the trees in the gardens were leafless, but under the inspiration of French genius they bloomed again with paper flowers. And to crown the whole, the people, doubtless with tears of gratitude for the new alliance, and with cries of vengeance and with shaking of fists for the old wrong, decked afresh the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. Then came the great day—"*La Journée,*" the Paris papers called it—and the Tsar rode through the ranks of frenzied heads drunk on the tricolor and the Russian eagle. Even the socialists and anarchists were breathless with admiration, and made no attempt at assassination. The police preparations were worthy of the most despotic monarchy, and so were some of the social events—worthy in propriety, in elegance, by reason of the presence of ennobled men and women, and in exclusiveness. Mr. BLOWITZ describes, not with hauteur or false pride, but for the purpose of protesting against the extravagance of one bit of concern lest too many should be admitted to the imperial presence, that while he was asked to Versailles, so few were his fellow-guests that the great rooms of the old palace seemed empty. The republic did its best to prove to the Tsar that it could be as aristocratic as its imperial neighbors, while the people of the street did their best to show him that they loved him as Germans and Englishmen could never hope to do. One of the fondest of the French writers on the occasion likened the French, in their ardor for royalty, to an old lover, a man who has always been a lover—who, a baby, was in love with his nurse; as a youth, with his sister's instructress and his aunts: and as a man, with one woman after another, until he dies in love with the nurse who closes his eyes in the hospital. He calls the French "*Un Peuple Amoureux,*" amorous of kings and of royal splendors; and he concludes, in a burst of joy, that one will never count six true republicans among this people.

The object of all this adulation bore himself as a true monarch. He did not lose his head, nor give a sign that he was anywhere near the point of responding to French enthusiasm, or of making any material return for the solid advantages that Russia has already reaped from the friendship of the republic. He stopped the opera when it bored him: he feasted the Duc and the Duchesse de Chartres, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Princesse MATHILDE; and he gave the Orleanists precedence by rank of succession to the French throne. His friendship was clearly for the French nation, and not for the French republic, that had been so industriously, even so crazily, doing its best to show itself worthy of associating with royalty, and to demonstrate that its appreciation of court etiquette had not been lost with its monarchs.

But, funny as it all seems, no German or Englishman doubted the reality of the alliance after the show was over, and the extemporized lights had ceased to shine on the fresh emblems of mourning that had been placed on the statue of Strasbourg, although how much the alliance may mean to France was not disclosed by her august but enigmatical friend.

MR. CRISP.

The death of the last Democratic Speaker of the National House of Representatives affords an occasion to Democrats to moralize on the unfortunate fate that has befallen their party through the leadership of such men as Mr. Crisp. When the great tidal wave of 1874 swept the Democratic party into power, there was at once a sharp conflict between the men who were for place and those who were for principle. Mr. Randall led the first and Mr. Morrison the second. Mr. Morrison won and made Mr. Kerr Speaker, but the sudden death of that excellent man brought the opportunists to the front, and Mr. Randall became the Speaker.

Under the leadership of Mr. Randall and his kind the party has persistently turned its back on its professions, and has been anything for success at the polls. It has been in favor of protection in protection States, and of revenue reform in other States. It has been for greenbacks and silver in the West, and for sound money in the East. It has attracted to itself all the ragtag and bobtail of politics, all the discontented, all the outs who were against the Republicans simply because they were in. Naturally, therefore, when the party was in power, the heterogeneous character of its composition prevented it from accomplishing anything.

Mr. Randall was the leader, in the House of Representatives, of the protection Democrats, and more than once, when his party was in a majority, prevented it from passing a tariff bill. The influence that he exerted there often dominated the national conventions of the party. From this dominance there resulted double-dealing platforms and obsequious yielding to "Ohio" and other ideas that were held by irrational and dangerous men. Such men were eager to vote against the Republican party, and ready to vote for a Democrat, or any one else with a chance of election, if he would not be too strong against protection, or if he would be easy on silver or greenbacks, or if he would wink at some other pet theory. All these pet theories have now been gathered together and dumped into the Chicago platform. Some of them are wrong-headed remedies that have been suggested for evils inflicted by the tariff policy of the Republican party. The accumulation of devices for accomplishing what the tariff-reformers had promised made the party an easy prey for the silver men. Mr. Randall was responsible for the demoralization of the party, for the discontent resulting from its repeated failures to keep its promises, for the hospitality with which it accepted outlandish political heresies, and for its timidity in endorsing such barbarous economic outcries as those uttered by William Allen of Ohio. Mr. Gorman, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brice were the logical products of Mr. Randall's influence in the Democratic party; but Mr. Crisp was his natural and logical successor. He was the tool of Mr. Randall as long as the latter lived, and followed in his tracks after he had died. He made friends of every gang of "thinkers" who had votes to give him. He was an obstacle to Mr. Carlisle's efforts to reform the tariff when Mr. Carlisle was Speaker, and when he was in the chair himself he was a thorn in the side of Mr. Wilson, and was as much responsible as any single person for the defects of the present tariff law. He was a silver man. He was opposed to civil service reform. He was everything that the country is tired of seeing in its politicians. He was not only not the kind of Democrat that believes in the Indianapolis platform, but he had not the faintest conception of true Democratic principles.

He was personally an honest man, so far as the world knows, and a kindly man whom his friends will miss, but the work of ruin wrought by such opportunists as he ought to be a lesson to every political party of the deadly influence of men without strong and steadfast principles.

BARNARD COLLEGE.

The history of Barnard College is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It is a history of high ideals nobly conceived, and of earnest endeavor faithfully carried on amid embarrassments, discouragements, and difficulties. The college might have filled its coffers at any time by letting down the bars and admitting half-trained girls to dabble in music, science, literature, or the modern languages, under the guise of establishing "special courses." It might have adopted any one of a dozen familiar and sensational plans to attract public attention and secure public favor. But it has had the courage and the foresight to hold fast to its standards, which involved nothing less than the establishment in the city of New York of a college for women that should be in all respects the equal of the best colleges for men in this country. And the end already crowns the work. The noble buildings now begun on Morningside Heights, the Athens of New York, are the generous offering of men and women who fully understand and appreciate what has been accomplished in the past and what is in contemplation for the future. They will provide a fitting and a permanent home for the institution that is undoubtedly destined, without losing its identity, to become an integral part, as it is now an ally, of the great metropolitan university, Columbia.

It is in every way appropriate that this splendid college for women should bear the name of the great educator who, while President of Columbia College, insisted so strenuously and so unanswerably upon the opening of the higher education to women on equal terms with men. To look back twenty years, or even less, upon his argument as then urged, seems like a vision of another world than ours. His aspirations are our axioms; his contentions our postulates. Every obstacle to the higher education of women has been removed by experience—except one, prejudice. That subsists, and loves still to clothe itself in syllogistic forms and to walk about in the borrowed garments of conservatism. But the tide of progress has swept resistlessly past it.

Barnard College should appeal with peculiar force to the women of the Greater New York. Without leaving home or being deprived of parental care and oversight, their daughters may obtain here the best education that American scholarship can offer. Opportunities for prosecuting research are added to the opportunities for collegiate instruction. When the necessary funds are provided—and surely the Greater New York will do this for its daughters—these opportunities will be indefinitely increased and expanded. A body of trained women will be sent forth into this community and the country, ready, able, and willing to make themselves felt, through the family and the moulding of public opinion, in the work of uplifting the standards of public and private life, and in contributing to the advancement of our civilization. Of all the important and deserving institutions with which New York abounds, there is none that appeals to the intelligence and sympathy of that great city with greater force than Barnard College.

LI HUNG-CHANG AND CHINA.

That was a strange collocation of a single day's despatches which told how Li Hung-Chang, upon his arrival at Peking, had been made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and had been reprimanded for omitting one or more of the proper forms in paying his respects to the Dowager Empress. It was known before that the old lady was a great stickler for etiquette, though in this she does not differ from some Christian sovereigns of her sex. She is a great stickler also for more substantial things, and is believed to have done her full share towards getting the Middle Kingdom into its recent scrapes. The conjunction of reprimand and promotion would not be very credible anywhere else, but it is no more incredible in China than things that have indubitably happened, as, for example, the quick succession of the privation of the yellow jacket and its restoration, followed by the bestowal of a confidential mission which anywhere else would denote a man whom the king delighted to honor.

It is quite hopeless for an Occidental to attempt to penetrate the mysteries of Chinese politics. The more the kingdom is laid open by conquering invaders the less do we understand what is disclosed. This want of apprehension seems to be shared by men who have given their lives to understanding. For a generation or so Great Britain has been conciliating China and treating Japan with contempt, upon the theory that China was a valuable ally against Russian aggression. When Great Britain had succeeded in alienating Japan in the supposed interest of China, and Japan had conquered China, it suddenly appears that it is Russia which gets the ultimate benefit of all the proceedings. For there does not seem to be any doubt that the concession of a Chinese outlet for the Siberian railway has in fact been made.

There is reason to doubt, however, that Li Hung-Chang has been made Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the first place, there is no such minister, and, indeed, no such ministry; and in China that is rather more than a detail. Of the administrative boards which among them mismanage the empire, not one is specifically a department of foreign affairs, and if there were it would be a board and not an individual. "Abroad" is as much ignored in all Chinese official arrangements as Mr. McKinley would like to see it in industrial exchange, or Mr. Bryan in finance. In the next place, the report does not take account of the dead weight of inertia that the mandarin class can and does oppose to any attempt to assimulate their country to the rest of the world, or to put it in line with modern progress. The contempt of mere ignorance, such as the untutored Chinaman exhibits for foreigners, is nothing to the contempt of Chinamen tutored after the Chinese mode of education. Li Hung-Chang is an energetic person, but he is quite helpless against this inert resistance. We may be quite sure that a Chinaman who believes that the isolation of China ought to be modified is looked upon either as a harmless visionary or a dangerous radical. Li Hung-Chang cannot be put in the former class, and so he must belong to the latter. In the course of his voyage round the world he has expressed himself in favor of fuller and freer trade with his own country, and this is to the mandarins a sentiment alarming and revolutionary. Though the innovator is an old man in the scale of human life, he is a mere boy in that of Chinese civilization and its representatives, who count themselves some two thousand years older, and consequently wiser, than he.

It is possible that Li Hung-Chang may have been gratified by being allowed to call himself whatever the Chinese equivalent may be for a minister of foreign affairs, but that he has been invested with the powers which such a functionary possesses and wields in civilized countries is so unlikely as to be incredible. All the inroads that have been made, since the age of steam began, upon Chinese isolation have been the results of foreign insistence, not of Chinese capitulations. When one considers the relation they bear to the whole extent of the Chinese Empire, they do not seem very considerable. The capture of Peking by the French and English, like the much later captures of the Japanese, was not much more than the tickling of the skin of a rhinoceros, so faint was the impression it made upon the seat of sensibility. The appointment of the most enlightened man in China to be a minister of foreign affairs, in the sense which that phrase bears in the western world, would be not the beginning but the accomplishment of a revolution. Before China comes to that, China will have passed "through great varieties of untried being."

THE SPORTSMANLIKE COURSE.

About three thousand years ago the "blameless" Laodamas, when urging Ulysses to take part in the athletic contests of the Phæacians, said to him, "There is no greater renown for a man while he lives than that he gains by achievements with feet and hands." Laodamas, it will be remembered, had looked Ulysses over with a critical eye while the latter sat among the spectators in the forum where the contests were held, and had rightly concluded that the Ithacan was "not mean as to his thighs and legs, and both his hands above, and his brawny neck and mighty strength."

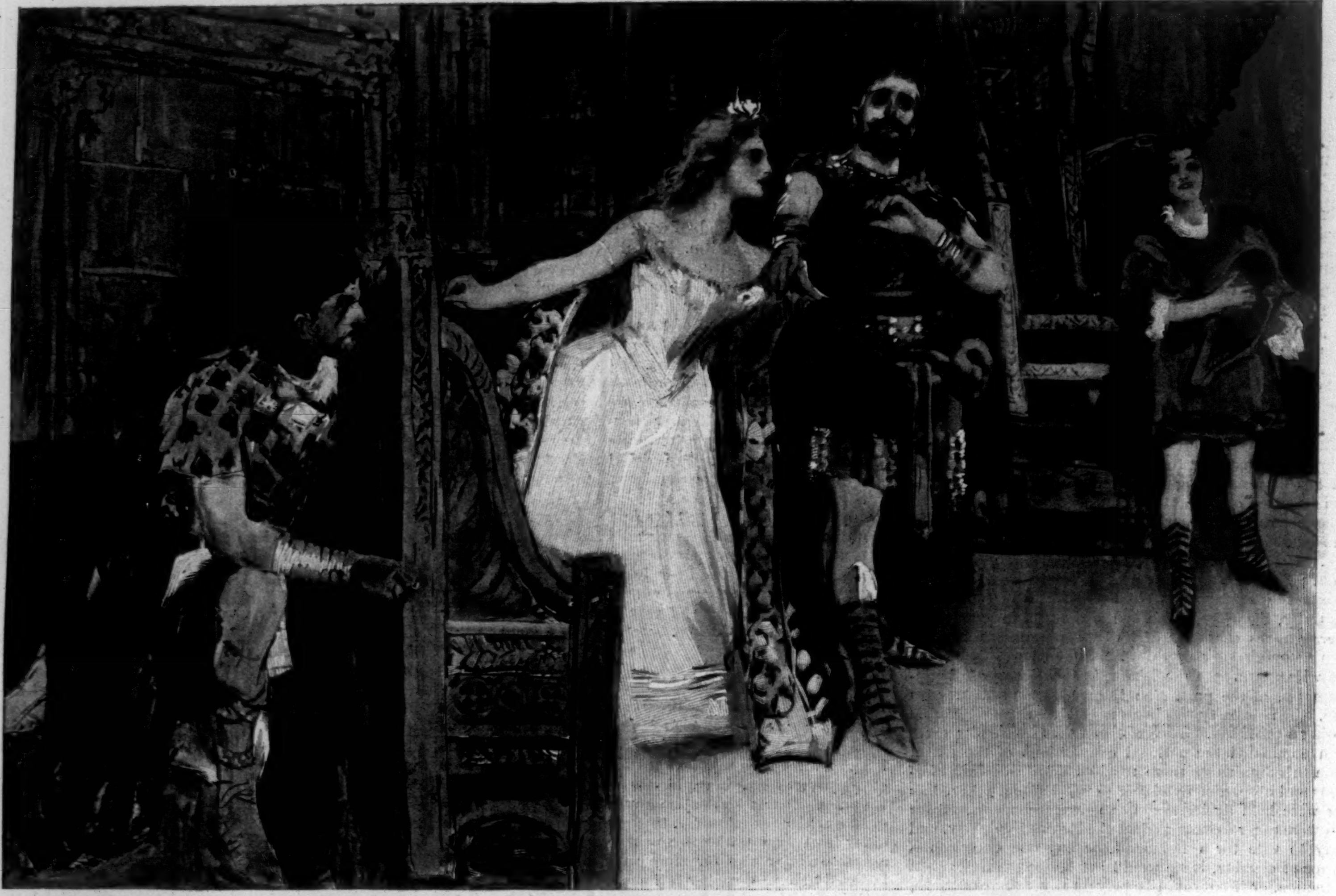
Such an invitation, in almost the Homeric terms, blameless young men in every part of the country are extending at this season; nay, the season itself issues a challenge, and strenuous efforts with feet and hands are enjoined not upon the young alone, nor with "renown" for the sole inducement. The Weekly is frankly and heartily in favor of out-door games and manly sports, and (under proper regulation) of those public contests of teams of athletes which stimulate a general interest in physical culture. Hysterical behavior on the part of spectators, and, on the part of contestants, an over-anxiety to win, rather than to play in good form, are not results of athletic training, rightly understood, but of the lack of it. It has not even been suggested, so far as we know, that the hysteria at the Chicago convention was a product of athleticism.

The denunciation of an enemy has less power to convince than the mere hint of a friend. If it be true that in a recent game of football at Manhattan Field the defeated team was deprived of four points, or possibly six, by an erroneous decision of the referee, then the sportsmanlike course open to the favored team is to refuse to accept the favor. Through the representative character of one of the teams, the discussion by the daily papers, and no doubt also through the seasonableness of the subject, so much prominence has been given to this incident that it seems to call for editorial comment, which for the present is limited to this: Our text correctly intimates that renown must be gained by one's own hands and feet; and for three thousand years there has been no year in which the concession of a disputed point has not seemed, on the part of the smaller or more obscure combatant, a gallant act; on the part of the stronger or more famous combatant, a becoming and a gracious one.

A BOOK ABOUT NEW YORK.

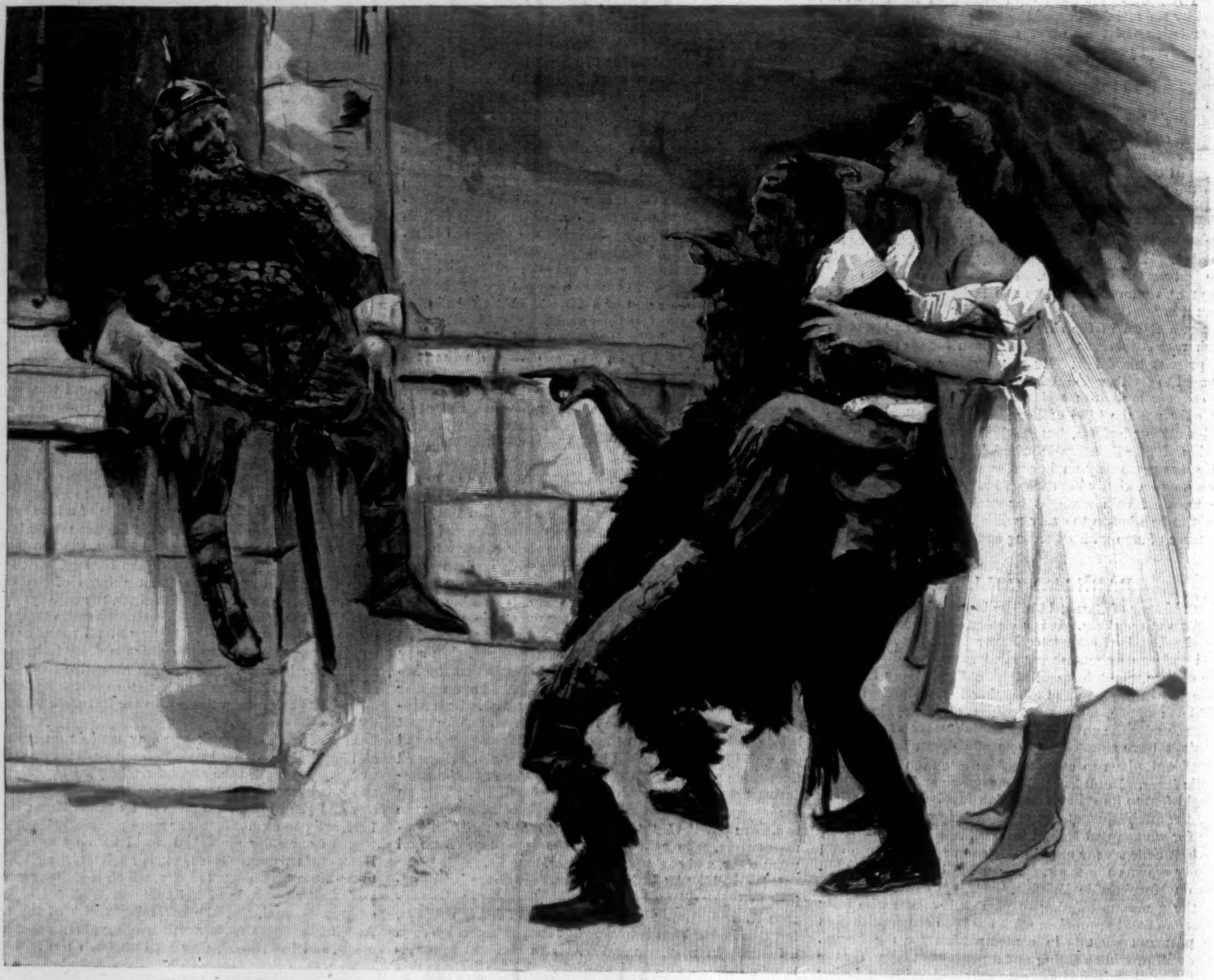
Next to a book about a human being whose words or life may be dear to one, comes the book about the city in which one lives and with whose modern nooks and crannies one is familiar. It is a real delight to be taken by a friendly hand and guided to the spots, now grown over with a rank crop of business blocks, where our grandfathers disported themselves in their hours of ease. Here and there in wanderings about the Five Points of New York, or in what were once Greenwich and Chelsea villages, one encounters the suggestive remnants of an older and more rural, if not more comfortable, life. A bit of short street like Tryon Row or Scammel Street, an unexpected turn in what, after the city manner, should have been a straight avenue, a wooden dwelling or two with gambrel-roofs fronting on the backs of the houses of a busy avenue, but with a narrow vestige of a lane in front showing where the Boston Post Road once ran on its way to the Puritan town or the rebel camp, the broad mansions facing Bowling Green and the Battery, which were once the homes of the merchant princes of the young town, and are now spotted with signs, the sure symptoms of the disease of old habitations that precedes their dissolution—to know about the history of all these gives an added interest to the city life which is sadly lacking, outside of the human interest, in the agreeable food for observation and reflection which Nature bestows with such a generous hand upon those who are fortunate enough to dwell in the country.

And of old New York one may read in an agreeable and entertaining book just published by Harper & Brothers. It is called the *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian*, and it is by Mr. Charles H. Haswell. It concerns the city and the life and manners of its people from 1816 to 1860, and one cannot better or more pleasantly learn of the ways of our elder municipal world than by reading Mr. Haswell's pages. The book is an interesting addition to the literature about the city, which is all too poor. It is a worthy comrade of Felix Oldboy, Philip Hone, Valentine's Manual, and the several histories of the town. And it is a town that is worth reading about and talking about, and in its past, now seen through the mellowing influences of time, that which appeared crude and raw to some of our censorious English visitors becomes picturesque and even lovable. And one cannot get all there is of this town without taking a walk through it with Mr. Haswell.



O'Donovan (Samuel I. Slade). Elfrida (Amanda Fabris). Brian Boru (Max Eugene). Erina (Grace Golden).

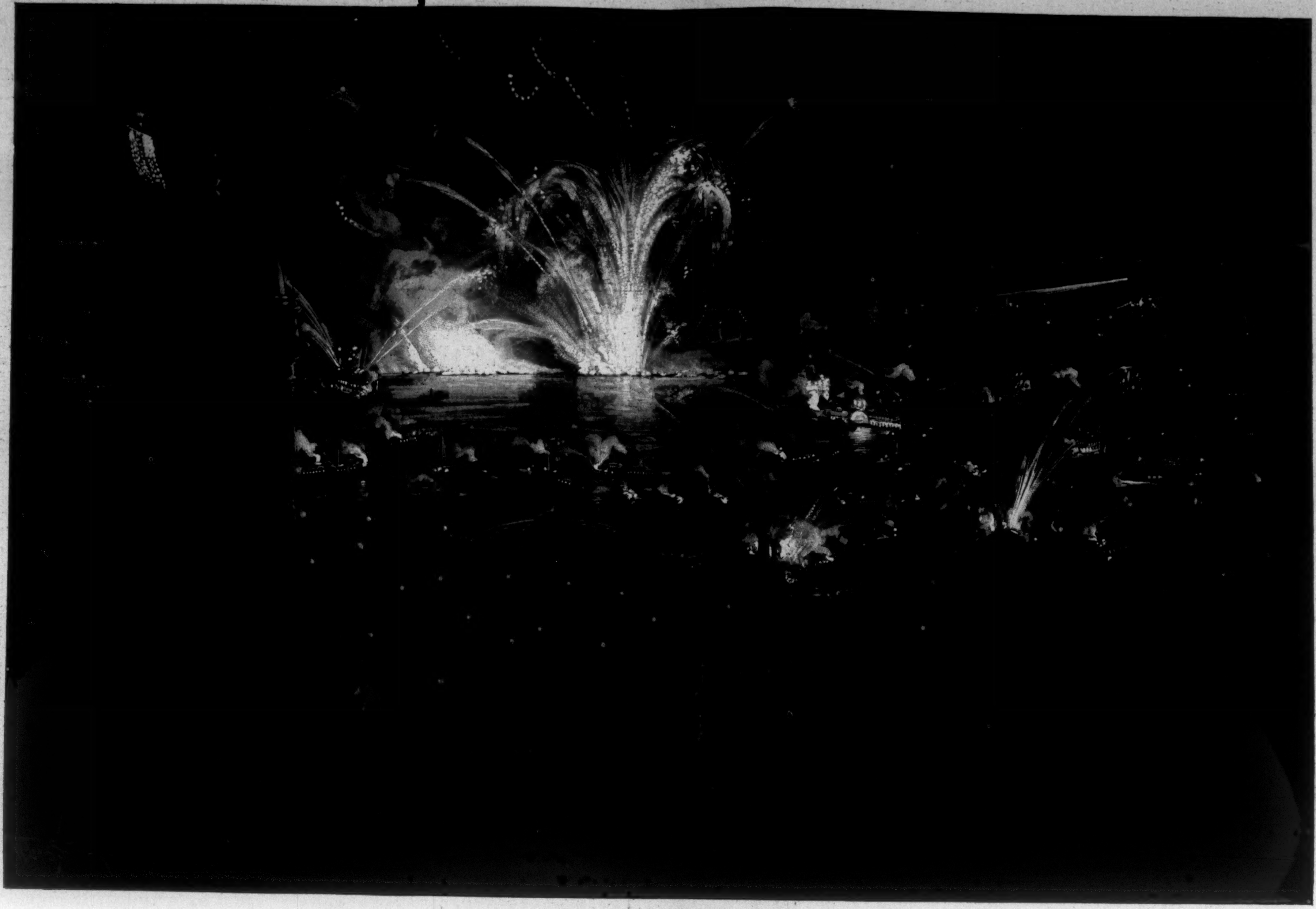
ACT II.—ELFRIDA BEGUILES FROM BRIAN THE SHAMROCK RING.



Fitz-Stephen (Tom Ricketts). Johnny Dugan (John C. Slavin). Pat O'Hara (Richard F. Carroll). Baby Malone (Amelia Summerville).

ACT III., SCENE II.—THE CONDEMNED PRISONERS SING TO GAIN TIME.

SCENES FROM THE ROMANTIC OPERA "BRIAN BORU," AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.
DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.—[SEE PAGE 1107.]



THE MARINE PARADE AND CELEBRATION FOR SOUND MONEY IN NEW YORK HARBOR, OCTOBER 24, 1896.—DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD."]

LIFE AND LETTERS

I was thinking, with a pang, just before I put my pen to the paper, that the death of George Du Maurier must be a fact of stale interest to the reader already, and that it would be staler yet by the time my words reached him. So swiftly does the revolving world carry our sorrow into the sun, our mirth into the shade, that it is as if the speed of the planet had caught something of the impatience of age, and it were hurried round upon its axis with the quickened pulses of senility. But perhaps this is a delusion of ours who dwell in the vicissitude of events, and there are still spots on the earth's whirling surface, lurking-places of quiet, where it seems not to move, and there is time to remember and to regret; where it is no astonishing thing that a king should be a whole month dead, and yet not forgotten. At any rate, it is in the hope, if not quite the faith, of this that I venture some belated lines concerning a man whom we have lost just when he seemed beginning to reveal himself.

I.

It was my good fortune to have the courage to write Du Maurier when Trilby was only half printed, and to tell him how much I liked the gay, sad story. In every way it was well that I did not wait for the end, for the last third of it seemed to me so altogether forced in its conclusions, that I could not have offered my praises with a whole heart, nor he accepted them with any, if the disgust with its preposterous popularity, which he so frankly, so humorously expressed, had then begun in him. But the liking which its readers felt had not yet become loathsome to the author, and he wrote me back a charming note, promising me the mystery, and enough of it, which I had hoped for, because of my pleasure in the true-dreaming in Peter Ibbetson; and speaking briefly, most modestly and fitly, of his commencing novelist at sixty, and his relative misgivings and surprises.

It was indeed one of the most extraordinary things in the history of literature, and without a parallel, at least to my ignorance. He might have commenced and failed; that would have been indefinitely less amazing than his most amazing success; but it was very amazing that he should have commenced at all. It is useless to say that he had commenced long before, and in the literary property of his work he had always been an author. This theory will not justify itself to any critical judgment; one might as well say, if some great novelist distinguished for his sense of color took to painting, that he had always been an artist. The wonder of Du Maurier's essay, the astounding spectacle of his success, cannot be diminished by any such explanation of it. He commenced novelist in Peter Ibbetson, and so far as literature was concerned he succeeded in even greater fulness than he has succeeded since. He had perfect reason to be surprised; he had attempted an experiment, and he had performed a miracle.

As for the nature, or the quality, of his miracle, that is another question. I myself think that in all essentials it was fine. The result was not less gold because there was some dross of the transmuted metals hanging about the precious ingot, and the evidences of the process were present, though the secret was as occult as ever. He won the heart, he kindled the fancy, he bewitched the reason; and no one can say just how he did it. His literary attitude was not altogether new; he perfected an attitude recognizable first in Fielding, next in Sterne, then in Heine, afterwards in Thackeray: the attitude which I once called confidential, and shook three realms beyond seas, and their colonial dependencies here, with the word. It is an attitude which I find swaggering in Fielding, insincere in Sterne, mocking in Heine, and inartistic in Thackeray; but Du Maurier made it lovable. His whole story was a confidence; whatever illusion there was resided in that fact; you had to grant it in the beginning, and he made you grant it gladly. A trick? Yes; but none of your vulgar ones; a species of legerdemain, exquisite as that of the Eastern juggler who plants his ladder on the ground, climbs it, and pulls it up after him into the empty air. It wants seriousness, it wants the last respect for the reader's intelligence, it wants critical justification; it wants whatever is the very greatest thing in the very greatest novelists; the thing that convinces in Hawthorne, George Eliot, Tourguénief, Tolstoy. But short of this supreme truth, it has every grace, every beauty, every charm. It touches, it appeals, it consoles; and if it flatters, too, if it turns the head, if it intoxicates, well, it is better to own the fact that it leaves one in not quite the condition for judging it. I made my tacit protest against it after following Trilby, poor soul, to her apotheosis at the hands of the world and the church; but I fell a prey to it again in the first chapters of The Martian, and I expect to continue in that sweet bondage to the end.

II.

If I venture to say that sentimentality is the dominant of the Du Maurier music, it is because his art has made sentimentality beautiful; I had almost said real, and I am ready to say different from what it was before. It is a very manly sentimentality; we need not be ashamed of sharing it; one should rather be ashamed of disowning its emotions. It is in its sweetness, as well as its manliness, that I find the chief analogy between Du Maurier's literature and his art. In all the long course of his dealing with the life of English society, I can think of but two or three instances of ungentleness. The humor which shone upon every rank, and every variety of character, never abashed the lowly, never insulted women, never betrayed the trust which reposed in its traditions of decency and generosity. If we think of any other caricaturist's art, how bitter it is apt to be, how brutal, how base! The cruelties that often pass for wit, even in the best of our own society satires, never tempted him to their ignoble exploitation; and as for the filthy drolleries of French wit, forever amusing itself with one commandment, how far they all are from him! His pictures are full of the dearest children, lovely young girls, honest young fellows; snobs who are as compassionable as they are despicable, bores who have their reason for being, hypocrites who are not beyond redemption. It is in his tolerance, his final pity of all life, that Du Maurier takes his place with the great talents; and it is in his sympathy for weakness, for the abased and outcast, that he classes himself with the foremost novelists of the age, not one of whom is recreant to the high office of teaching by parable that we may not profitably despise one another. Not even Svengali was beyond the pale of his mercy, and how well within it some other sorts of sinners were, the grief of very respectable people testified.

I will own myself that I like heroes and heroines to be born in wedlock when they conveniently can, and to keep true to it; but if an author wishes to suppose them otherwise I cannot proscribe them except for subsequent misbehavior in his hands. The trouble with Trilby was not that she was what she was imagined, but that finally the world could not imaginably act with regard to her as the author feigned. Such as she are to be forgiven, when they sin no more; not exalted and bowed down to by all manner of elect personages. But I fancy Du Maurier did not mean her to be an example. She had to be done something with, and after all she had suffered, it was not in the heart of poetic justice to deny her a little moriturary triumph.

Du Maurier was not a censor of morals, but of manners, which indeed are or ought to be the flower of morals, but not their root, and his deflections from the straight line in the destiny of his creations must not be too seriously regarded. I take it that the very highest fiction is that which treats itself as fact, and never once allows itself to be otherwise. This is the kind that the reader may well hold to the strictest accountability in all respects. But there is another kind capable of expressing an engaging beauty, and bewitchingly portraying many phases of life, which comes smiling to you or (in vulgar keeping) nudging you, and asking you to a game of make-believe. I do not object to that kind either, but I should not judge it on such high grounds as the other. I think it reached its perfect effect in Du Maurier's hands, and that this novelist, who wrote no fiction till nigh sixty, is the greatest master in that sort who ever lived, and I do not forget either Sterne or Thackeray, when I say so.

III.

When I first spoke, long ago, of the confidential attitude of Thackeray, I said that now we would not endure it. But I was wrong, if I meant that more than the very small number who judge novels critically would be impatient of it. No sooner were those fearful words printed than I began to find, to my vast surprise, that the confidential attitude in Thackeray was what most pleased the greatest number of his readers. This gave me an ill opinion of their taste, but I could not deny the fact; and the obstreperous triumph of Trilby, which was one long confidence, has since contributed to render my defeat overwhelming. Du Maurier's use of the method, as he perfected it, was so charming, that I am not sure but I began to be a little in love with it myself, though ordinarily superior to its blandishments. It was all very well to have Thackeray weep upon your neck, over the fortunes of his characters, but if he had just been telling you they were puppets, it was not so gratifying; and as for poor Sterne, his sighs were so frankly insincere you could not believe anything he said. But Du Maurier came with another eye for life, with a faith of his own which you could share, and with a spirit which endeared him from the first. He had prodigious novelties in store: true-dreaming, hypnotism, and now (one does not know quite what yet) intelligence from the neighborly little planet Mars. He had the gift of persuading you that all his wonders were true, and his flattering familiarity of manner heightened the effect of his wonders, like that of the prestidigitator, who passes round in his audience, chatting pleasantly, while he pours twenty different liquors out of one magical bottle.

I would not count his beautiful talent at less than its rare worth, and if this figure belittles that, it does him wrong. Not before in our literature has anything more distinct, more individual, made itself felt. I have assumed to trace its descent, from this writer to that; but it was only partly so descended; in what made it surprising and captivating, it was heaven descended. We shall be the lonelier and the poorer hereafter for the silence which is to be where George Du Maurier might have been.

W. D. Howells.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer proclaim in the *Evening Post* that the University Settlement at No. 26 Delancey Street is an institution of great value, admirably managed, which promotes civilization in just the way that civilization ought to be promoted in the most crowded neighborhood in the world. Neither of them is concerned in the management of the Settlement, nor has been asked to make a public appeal for it, but out of their knowledge of its needs and of its work they do appeal very forcibly. They say the Settlement is about to reduce its force by dismissing its matron, its assistant librarian, and other helpers, for lack of money to retain them. They ask for prompt contributions to help it with its work, and also for such a permanent endowment as the Settlement ought to have, including a proper guild-house and other appurtenances.

The University Settlement tells its own story to any one who takes the pains to look into it. It is exceedingly popular in its own ward, does an admirable work in an admirable way, and deserves cordial and liberal support. It is justly said of it that as a living witness against anarchical theories and class prejudices it is the best possible teacher of true patriotism.

The proposition of the assessors of New Haven to tax the local real estate of Yale at a valuation of one million dollars is revolting to the Yale mind and disconcerting to Yale purposes. To pay the tax would cost $21,000 a year at present, and more whenever the tax rate was higher or the assessors saw fit to raise the valuation of the property taxed. Yale's charter, as amended in 1834, exempts only so much of the college's real estate in Connecticut from taxation as may afford an income of not more than $6000. The university has escaped taxation heretofore under the Connecticut general statute which exempts buildings occupied as colleges, academies, churches, public schools, or infirmaries. But now the assessors, acting under advice of the town counsel, hold that dormitories are not "buildings occupied as colleges," and ought not to be exempted from their share of the public burden. If this opinion holds good, Yale may be taxed on as much as two millions of property, which would cut her income down about as much as if she lost one million from her endowment. She is going to make a fight, appealing to the Superior Court of Connecticut, from there to the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and possibly from there to the United States Supreme Court, where three of her own sons would have to determine whether they could decide impartially in a case in which she was concerned.

On Saturday, October 24, the corner-stones of two new buildings for Barnard College were laid at Barnard's new site, at 120th Street and the Western Boulevard. The new buildings are named for their donors—Brinckerhoff Hall for Mrs. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff, and Milbank Hall for Miss Eleanor Milbank Anderson. They will be five stories high, and form the east and north sides of a square which is presently to be wholly enclosed by other buildings. They are expected to be ready to be occupied next fall, so that Barnard may move up town when Columbia does.

It is gratifying to be assured, as the chrysanthemum season comes around again, that vague rumors of the mental indisposition of M. Paderewski are absolutely without foundation. When last heard from, and that was very recently, M. Paderewski was in all particulars sane and sound.

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department at Washington, prints in the *Sun* an open letter to President Eliot, of Harvard, whom he takes to task very courteously for neglecting to give due attention, in a recent magazine article on "Five American Contributions to Civilization," to what the Irish have contributed to the United States. Mr. O'Connell attacks Dr. Eliot's assumption that the "English race" predominated in this country in the eighteenth century, and gives interesting reasons for his belief that there were more people who derived from Ireland than from England among the eighteenth-century Americans. He makes it clear where a good part of the hitch is, however, when he claims all the Scotch-Irish emigrants to America as Irish. Irish they certainly were, to be sure, if they were born and lived in Ireland, but to describe a Scotch-Irishman as an Irishman is to describe him very insufficiently. "Irishman" conveys one idea; "Scotch-Irishman" another; and as long as there is so very substantial a disparity between the ideas conveyed it is a waste of ink to argue that one word should serve for both. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Connell's exposition of the value of Ireland's early contributions to the American republic is interesting and is a part of our history that is not generally appreciated.

There is soon to be a new country to visit and a new way of going round the world. It seems only the other day that Jules Verne's man went around in eighty days, and thought it a considerable feat. The record for circumnavigation is now sixty-six days, or thereabouts. Baron Hilkoff, the combination of American mechanic and Russian prince who was in this country recently, said that when the railroad across Siberia is finished, which, he thinks, will be in four or five years, the time of getting around will be cut in two, and from thirty to thirty-three days will suffice for it. He allows ten days to cross Siberia from St. Petersburg, ten days from Vladivostok to San Francisco, and thirteen days from there to St. Petersburg again. Early in the next century, then, the tired American may turn his face eastward when he starts on his month's vacation, and keep it turned that way until he gets home, just about in time to resume his work.

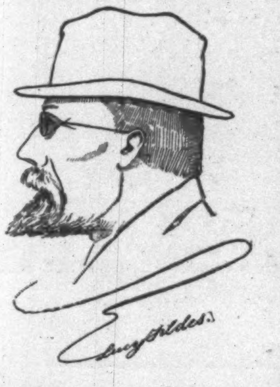
The Martian seems adapted to complete whatever was lacking after *Trilby* to make French nurses popular in American families. The possession of polyglot children with recollections of something French in their early training is an emolument which no self-indulgent parent who admires Du Maurier would seem willing to forego, especially in view of the excellent account to which memories of the French in one's early education may sometimes be turned. However, it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and a child might, of course, have *bonnes* galore, and even Parisian advantages, and yet never remember a Trilby or a Barty Josselin, or even become so perfect a master of the French tongue as to be able to write marketable English.

In speaking, in its issue of October 24, of the great show of McKinley flags in New York, the Weekly mentioned the flag over Broadway between the Equitable and Boreel buildings as the greatest of all. That imposing banner contains 3000 square feet of bunting; but after the Weekly's article had got into type two bigger flags still were hung out, the bigger by the employés of Arnold, Constable, & Co. at Broadway and Nineteenth Street. This flag contains 4050 square feet of the national colors, and every foot emphatically for sound money. The width of each of its stripes is 3 feet 10 inches, and its stars measure 32 inches from tip to tip. It is the biggest flag that floats in New York at this writing.

Word comes that sundry people, whereof Mrs. Hearst, the widow of the late Senator Hearst, is the chief, are going to give four million dollars to the University of California. The money, it seems, is to be forth-coming as soon as the State gets ready to use it, but must be preceded by an expenditure of $500,000 of the State's own money on buildings. Between Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford civilization in California promises not to fail for lack of instruction. Two great universities with huge endowments must have an effect upon the intellectual development of any State. There are those who believe that if Mrs.

Hearst's energetic son could be induced to concentrate his force and superfluous income on founding or propping up universities, more true light would be shed abroad through his efforts than is likely to be diffused by ever so great an activity in the dissemination of one-cent newspapers. However, every benefactor to the object of his preference. Perhaps it is self-education that Mr. Hearst is pursuing rather than the enlightenment of the multitude.

Few readers of the Weekly will recognize in the accompanying drawing the likeness of an old friend. The artist whose name is signed to it writes:



"It is in all probability the most recent sketch of Mr. Du Maurier in existence. It is enlarged from a rough pencil sketch made in August last at Whitby, and is the artist as familiar to all Whitby visitors."

Mr. Du Maurier's profile is not very familiar to his American friends, and to most of us the only thing in Miss Fildes's drawing that suggests the author of *Trilby* are the spectacles.

The most impressive features of the sound-money water parade last Saturday night were the fireworks and illuminations. There were between two and three hundred boats in line, many of them tugs, but including large excursion steamers crowded with people, ferry-boats, steam lighters and barges, all brilliantly illuminated, many of them covered with transparencies, and a number equipped with search-lights. The fleet gathered at 130th Street, and started about eight o'clock down the North River. The Battery Park was crowded with people, and the wharves were crowded also. A great concourse of spectators gathered at Riverside Park, where there was a fine view of the spectacle. There were fireworks at the start, but the greatest show of them was after the fleet had arrived off the Battery, when the display was marvellously gorgeous, and excited profound enthusiasm. On the New Jersey shore of the river were crowds almost as great as those on the New York side, and the river itself was crowded with craft besides those in the procession, and all lighted and filled with people. No such display was ever before seen in New York in a political campaign.
E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO.

The Rev. John Watson, of Drumtochty, has seized the psychological moment for his visit to America. His popularity with the reading public is at full tide, and people are naturally eager to see the man whose books have so powerfully touched the springs of mirth and tears in their hearts. If his reception elsewhere is as cordial as it has been in Chicago, he is likely to return to his Liverpool parish with roseate recollections of the American public. As the guest of the Twentieth Century Club, he spoke to about the largest gathering in the history of that organization, while his public lecture on the evening following was delivered to an audience that packed the hall from pit to upper gallery. It is impossible to escape the charm of his personality, although upon reflection one does not recall that he has said anything very striking. He could not have made speeches at a more vigorous rate if he had been a candidate for the Presidency. No day without a lecture seems to be his motto—or, at least, the motto of his enterprising manager—and sometimes he crowds two or even three addresses into the twenty-four hours. When Dr. Conan Doyle returned to England after a lecturing tour in "the States," he rather discouraged those who thought of following his example by saying that it was all very well for seeing the country in a pleasant way, but that the expenses used up about all the proceeds. It shall go hard if Dr. Watson does not better this report.

The travelling correspondent of a London newspaper, who has just been giving his precious impressions of Chicago to the British public, has furnished a *casus belli* beside which the Venezuelan difficulty fades into insignificance. He calls our metropolis "the queen and guttersnipe of cities, the cynosure and cesspool of the world." Here is a nice derangement of epitaphs indeed! We could stand the "queen" and the "cynosure," but outraged civism must draw the line at "gutter-snipe" and "cesspool." Adding injury to insult, this antithetical correspondent further remarks that Chicago is a place where "women ride straddlewise and millionaires dine at mid-day, the chosen seat of public spirit and municipal boodle." This is even worse than the damning charges made a few years ago to the effect that our butlers were maids, and that we sat on the front steps of our houses on hot summer evenings. And, pray, do not the women of other cities ride straddlewise on their bicycles? Mr. Bayard had better give up his Scotch shooting, and hasten to London to look after this grave international complication.

The Fourth Regiment of the United States army has just taken possession of Fort Sheridan, and, if we may judge by its record, would like nothing better than a chance to suppress a Chicago riot. The regiment was organized about a hundred years ago, and has taken part in all the fights worth mentioning since that time. It was at Tippecanoe with General Harrison, and fought in the war of 1812, its members being captured and sent to Montreal as prisoners of war. In 1815 it was reorganized by consolidation with the remnants of three other regiments, and spent the next thirty years in the South among the Seminoles. It took part in most of the battles of the Mexican war. Then for a few years it garrisoned the Great Lakes and fought Indians in the West. During the civil war it was included in the Army of the Potomac, and fought all the way through from Bull Run to Appomattox. Since then it has been stationed in the West most of the time, and there its present members have got their training. Colonel Robert H. Hall, the commanding officer, has had charge of the regiment for the past three years.
W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The hunting season in northern New Hampshire and Maine is now at its height, and, on the average, at least fifty head of deer per diem, the spoil of hunters from other States, pass through Bangor by express. A venerable guide, who is reported to be on his death bed, and who, perhaps, leaves this as his legacy of falsification to the sporting world, declares that there are 150,000 deer in Maine, and more than 12,000 moose. Another hunter, who is still afield, relates that he witnessed recently a terrific combat between two bull moose, to which he finally put an end by shooting one of them. The game laws permit him to shoot one only, and, accordingly, with rare self-control, he withheld his hand, while the other moose, disentangling himself with great difficulty from the horns of his late antagonist, trotted off to the woods. In another case a party of hunters camping in a shanty were alarmed during the night by strange sounds near their hut, which they took to be caused by a foray of wild-cats. At any rate, they were too much frightened to venture out till the next morning, when they found, to their chagrin, that the noises which they heard had been caused by a herd of deer feeding in the vicinity, and even trespassing on the piazza.

Among the readers of *Lavengro* it has always been matter of astonishment that he who tells the story never saw fit to elope with a gypsy girl. In Roslindale, which is a suburb of Boston, they are not so cold-blooded as George Borrow was, for no less than three elopements have recently occurred there, in all of which the departure was taken from a gypsy camp. A tribe of gypsies, whose winter residence is in Boston, camped out for the summer in Roslindale, and as the season drew to an end a gypsy girl eloped with an American lad, and two gypsy boys ran off with two pretty Irish girls of the neighborhood. The first couple were overhauled and recovered by the irate father of the Roslindale Romeo, but the gypsy boys managed their affair more cleverly, and by this time they have probably settled down with their wives. The Boston gypsies are a very prosperous people; the women make baskets and tell fortunes, and the men deal in horses. They live in houses, like other people, in winter, and in summer they either pitch their tents in the suburbs, or else take pleasant excursions in their wagons through New England.

A religious service was held lately at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in memory of those fishermen whose lives were lost at sea during the past year. This service is an annual occurrence, and the fact that it is such affords a striking illustration of the perils to which the Atlantic fishermen are subject. Every year a number, which varies but little from one season to another, of widows and fatherless children is left to mourn those fishermen who were fated to be that year's victims of the Newfoundland Banks. Sometimes the fishing-schooners are wrecked or founder in great storms, sometimes two or three men in a dory become separated from their ship in a fog, and die either by starvation or drowning, and not infrequently a huge Atlantic liner crashes over the small fishing-vessel on a dark night or in a fog, sending all on board to the bottom. It is strange that no American writer has taken the Gloucester fishermen for his theme, and that the subject was left for Mr. Kipling, who, with his keen scent for the heroic, has made good use of it in his latest story.
H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

The American people will not eat bananas this year. The fruit-importers have discovered this, to their surprise and disgust, and were very much worried at first over the cause. Why have the people given up bananas? they asked, anxiously. New Orleans supplies nearly all the West and South with bananas and other tropical fruit, and is the largest importer in this country. But bananas have sold so badly of late that the importers have cut down the number of vessels running to Central America one half. They have only just discovered the trouble. The American people have not lost their taste for the tropical banana, but the latter has been knocked out by the big apple crop of the West. With apples at seventy-five cents a barrel the banana has no show, for the average man eats about the same amount of fruit each year, and prefers the cheapest. It is apples this year, to suit the hard times, but it may be bananas next season. So, at least, the importers hope.

Professor George Beyer, who examined the prehistoric mounds at Catahoula, Louisiana, insists that he has found a sort of "missing link," and has some remarkably shaped anthropoid skulls in support of his theory. The skeletons disinterred by him were those of men over six feet in height, but the skulls are different in shape from those of any other mound-builders unearthed, but correspond with some found in Brazil of a very ancient date. There is an almost entire absence of forehead, but nothing to indicate that this was accomplished by artificial means, as in the case of the Flathead Indians; and the skulls were three-fourths of an inch thick. The Louisiana Historical Society was not prepared to accept the Catahoula mound-builders as "the missing link" on this evidence; but Professor Beyer will submit the skulls to other archæologists for an opinion as to what kind of being they represent.

On Bannue Street, opposite the Church of the Immaculate Conception (the Jesuits'), is a blind negro beggar. He has attracted frequent attention because of the competition of a rival beggar on the other side of the street; for while the negro bears the sign "I am Blind," the opposition beggar has this hung out: "I am Really Blind," which may be regarded as a sort of reflection on the other blind man. The negro is a relic of the days of Victor Hugo's *Court of Miracles*. He is really blind, but he is a thorough professional, such as probably exists nowhere else in this country. He is not a resident of New Orleans, but lives in the neighboring parish of Jefferson, at a little negro settlement called Camp Parapet, and he comes to the city every day, wholly and solely for begging purposes. It is a long trip, some ten or twelve miles. The first four or five have to be walked, for there is no car-line there, over a rough road, and the blind beggar needs a guide. At Carrollton he strikes the Carrollton cars, pays his fare, and is landed in front of the church, where he makes his begging headquarters. Here he works hard some ten or twelve hours every day. When the day's work is done he throws off his cares, drops the meek and suppliant air essential to the profession of beggar, and becomes, in spite of his blindness, one of the most rollicking, "devil-may-care" negroes of the old school—one of those darkies with a great deal of humor, full of jokes and quips, and with a loud, hearty laugh. No one would know him as the same man, for his language is a little strong for his profession. It is a long trip home for a blind man at night over a bad road, and no one who sees him trudging along, feeling his way with his stick, talking to himself and laughing over his own jokes, grudges him the money he makes as a professional blind beggar, which profession he thoroughly understands.
N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The shipment of wheat to India direct from San Francisco probably aroused more interest among Chicago and New York grain-brokers than any commercial event of the year. At first the news was discredited, as it seemed like the old proverb of "carrying coals to Newcastle," but when the news was verified it was a dark day for those who were on the bear side of the market. San Francisco grain-dealers who had the courage of their convictions, and bought wheat liberally when it was below the dollar mark, have realized great profits. George W. McNear, who probably handles more wheat than any one on the Pacific coast, predicted several months ago that wheat would go to $1 50 before Christmas. He bought 75,000 tons, and his profit on this amounts to $750,000. Eppinger & Co., who have about 40,000 tons, estimate their profits at a round $500,000, while a score of other brokers have gained a handsome fortune by the sudden rise. Unfortunately the California farmer has profited nothing by this advance in wheat, for nine-tenths of the season's crop is in the hands of the middle-men; but the unexpected rise has helped him materially, as it has increased the value of his grain land, and has made it far easier for him to secure loans from the banks.

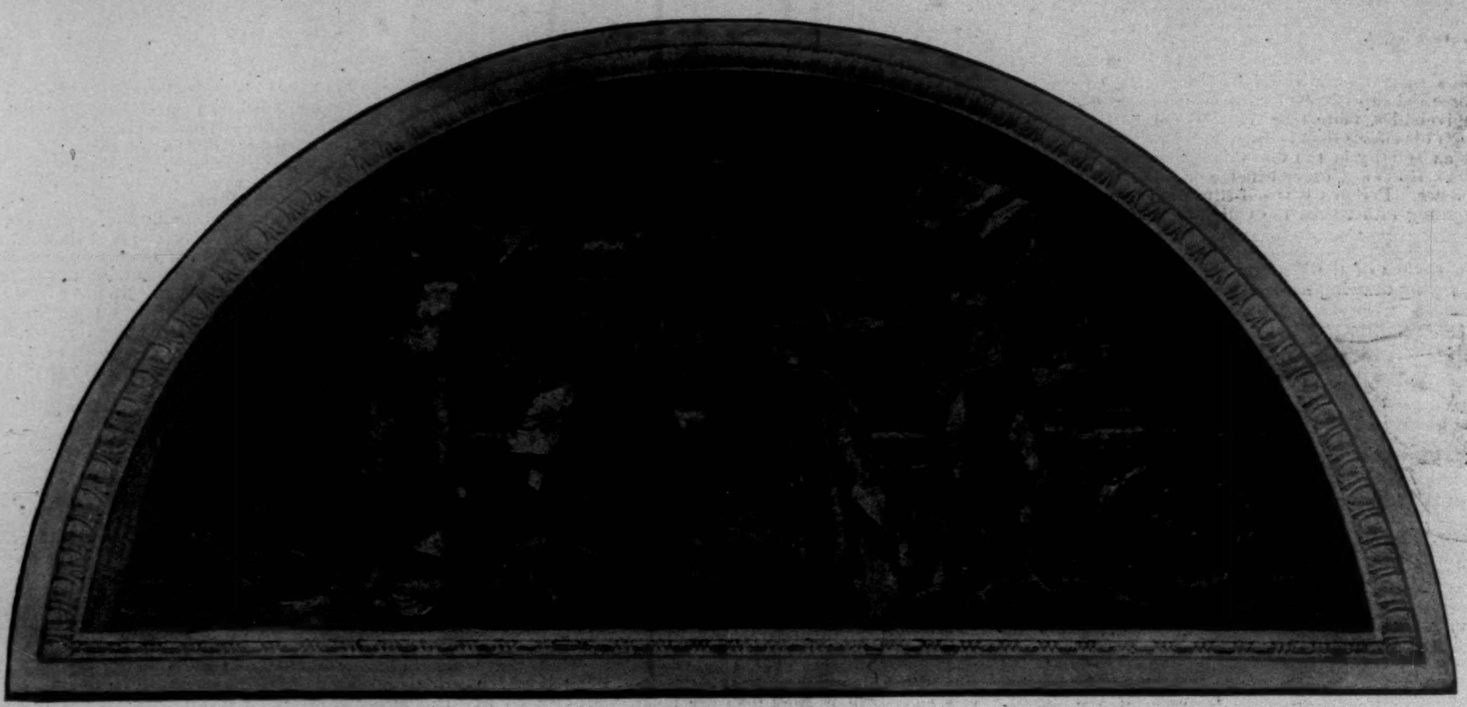
One of the strange pioneers who have been beyond the reach of civilization for over thirty years has just returned here on his first visit. This is Joseph Juneau, the founder of the Alaskan city which bears his name. Juneau is a French Canadian who caught the gold fever in 1851, and came to California by the old overland trail. He tried mining, but failed, and then became a hotel-keeper. Three years later, when the Cariboo gold excitement came, he joined the rush to British Columbia. From that place he went still further north to Alaska, and settled on the site of the present city of Juneau. Like all old prospectors, he has never been able to overcome his passion for mining. His uncle Solomon gave his name to Juneau, Wisconsin, and also was one of the founders of the capital of Wisconsin.

One of the important questions in California is the preservation of the great natural wonders which are worth crossing the world to see. The depredations of timber-thieves and sheep-herders in the magnificent forests of the high Sierra that surround the Yosemite Valley have been ended by the vigilance of Federal guards. All this territory, upon which the water supply of Yosemite depends, has been made a government reservation, but the noble valley itself is still under State jurisdiction. Efforts have been made to transfer its control to the Federal authorities, but these have failed, for there is a certain amount of patronage in the hands of the commissioners, who are mainly politicians appointed by the Governor. John Muir and other authorities have shown the ruinous policy adopted by the custodians of the valley in the destruction of shrubs and flowers on the floor of the valley and the use of small patches of level land for growing alfalfa. Under pressure of these criticisms several reforms have been made, but no regular plan of preserving the indigenous trees and plants is being carried out by a skilful forestry expert. State pride has been appealed to in the effort to prevent government control of the valley, and thus far the appeal has been successful. It will be a great thing for the valley, however, when Uncle Sam finally takes charge, for not only will its natural beauties be preserved, but the petty annoyances and over-charges from which tourists now suffer will be abolished.
G. H. F.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

VI.—THE DOORS MODELLED BY MR. FREDERIC MACMONNIES.

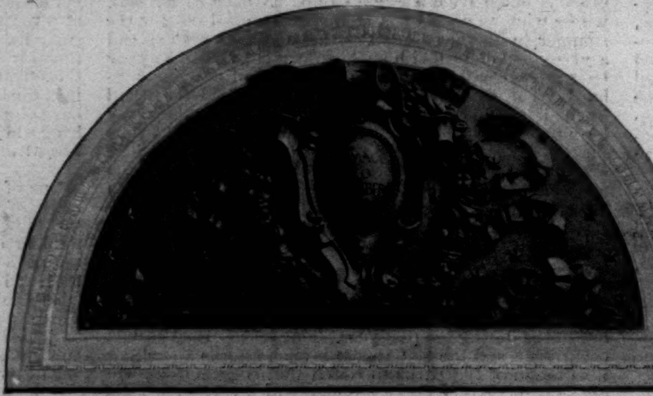
It has been said over and over again in this place that the great artistic undertaking being carried on within the walls of the new Congressional Library at Washington is something in itself significant, a sign that public buildings of a national character are destined to be adorned as they never have been before in this country. But the panels by Mr. Macmonnies which are reproduced herewith direct attention to a special side of this general improvement in the evolution of a piece of public architecture. Wall-paintings and independent statues, such as have been previously touched upon in this series, must always possess for the average man something of the character of luxury. They are usually regarded as adornments in the strictest sense of that term. Their intimate relation to the architecture in which they are set is sometimes noted; but, on the whole, observers will often be found who could conceive of the walls as left undecorated, the pedestals for statuary left unfilled. To the same mind, however, it would naturally seem inconceivable that a building should be without doors, and here is where Mr. Macmonnies has come in to give the vast public a lesson. The late Olin Warner was taken from his art, curiously, at the moment when he too was setting forth a similar lesson. It consists in making beautiful so utilitarian a portion of a building as the door. It is easy to say that the portal of a building has always been ornamented with care. As a matter of fact, how often in the history of



THE GREAT TYMPANUM—MINERVA DIFFUSING THE PRODUCTS OF TYPOGRAPHICAL ART.

American art have doors—mere doors—been decorated in any truly artistic way? In New York the doors of Trinity Church, which were only recently cast in bronze from the sculptured models, are the sole specimens, we believe, of artistic skill devoted to just such problems.

In his panels for the Washington Library, therefore, Mr. Macmonnies has something to say to his public which he has not often had to say before. Most of his work has been purely sculptural. The present productions are to a great extent architectural. They will meet the eye of the visitor to the library as part of the wall through which he passes. He will not recognize them as mere decorations. They are part of too practical a motive in the building for that. He will see in them beauty, where heretofore he might have seen something commonplace or even ugly. That he shall see beauty in them will be, in the first place, because the man who made them has a beautiful style; but he will see it also because that artist has remembered all the time where his designs were going, and how they would look when they were in place.

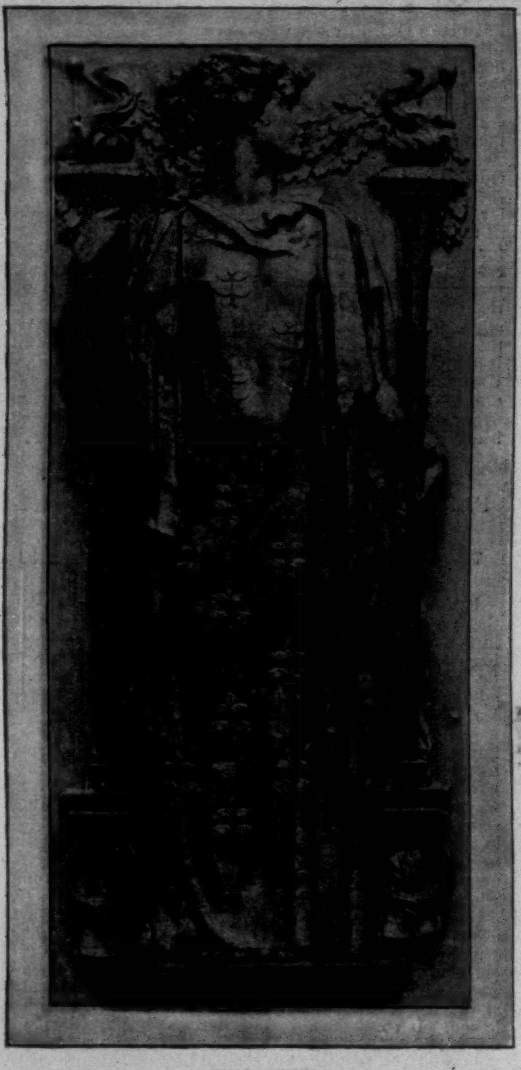


THE MINOR TYMPANUM—"HOMAGE TO GUTENBERG."

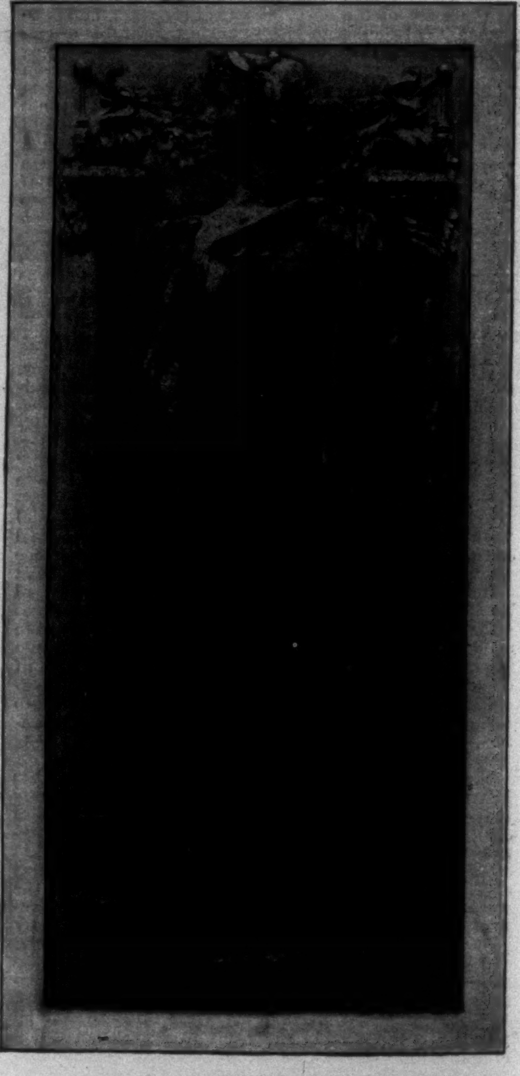
Take, for example, the large tympanum which represents Minerva presiding over the diffusion of the products of typographical art. The voluminous skirt of the goddess may seem a trifle too much in evidence as the picture displays it; but consider how effective this dress is in a basic way, how it gives you a feeling of solidity just where such solidity is most needed, and seems the natural centre for the figure's head and shoulders to be reared upon, the natural centre for the two little winged genii to flank. It is in tactful touches like this that the art of a sculptor is revealed. If the limbs of the goddess were more accentuated in this tympanum than they are, they would repeat vaguely but unmistakably the lines in the two attendant figures, and the composition would lose variety. Now there is contrast, the draped figure gains from its juxtaposition with the nude boys, and *vice versa*. All three figures Mr. Macmonnies has enclosed very ingeniously in the semicircle of his recess above the door, and while the winged messengers who do the bidding of Minerva, carrying out to the world the treasures of learning, have a monumental balance, a feeling as of belonging just there, in that particular arch, they have this without sacrificing the mobility which is perhaps their most noticeable characteristic. For these little envoys certainly move. They are presented against a background of formal ornament; various conventional emblems appear in an architectural frame-work, but all the time they themselves are vitalized creatures, figures veritably alive. The simpler tympanum which forms part of Mr. Macmonnies' scheme exhibits a cartouche upon which is inscribed the legend, "Homage to Gutenberg." It is appropriate homage which the sculptor renders to the inspirer of his reliefs, for it is homage expressed in exactly the right way.

The interesting thing about this homage, moreover, is that it is so individual, so like Mr. Macmonnies, and so unlike the purely conventional tribute which a less audacious sculptor would have been content to pay. The Minerva is no stereotyped goddess, but a conception out of the sculptor's imagination. The two torch-bearers in the upright panels which go below the great curved design are the airiest of types, in fact they might be regarded as too sketchy, too low in relief, and not enough monumental. If their outlines are elusive, however, this does not, in the long-run, detract from their value; and the only criticism that may be urged against the designs with any force is that the torches are too heavy, especially in their lower terminations, which jar in comparison with the delicate draperies. Details aside, the effect of these figures is very happy and decorative; appropriate, as has been said, to the object of the scheme, as a whole, which is to convey an impression of enthusiasm for Gutenberg. The spectator may need to be told by an inscription that the severer profile stands for Intellect, that the more flexible type is dedicated to the Humanities, but the torches are an obvious elucidation of their connection with the Minerva overhead. They are the symbols of the beneficent results which have sprung from Gutenberg's invention; they are the gracious bearers of light borrowed from the original source. In taking leave of these works of art one is tempted to revert again to the broad value of that experiment which has been tried in Washington in the shape of a great building decorated throughout on lines of greatness. It is still an experiment. It will take some years to find out whether or not the public buildings of America are to be beautified, according to the resources of the builders, as this vast structure is being beautified. But as each new member of the huge design at Washington is completed the observer feels a new sense of delight in the prospect that it holds out. The same reflection invariably arises. Mr. Macmonnies wakes enthusiasm for his own work, but these door panels of his also wake enthusiasm for the wide impersonal stream of artistic development in which they have been borne along to their final destination.

Royal Cortissoz.



"HUMANITIES."



"INTELLECT."

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XLVII.

AFTER he went back to Cambridge, Jeff continued mechanically in the direction given him by motives which had ceased for him. In the midst of his divergence with Bessie Lynde, he had still kept an inner fealty to Cynthia, and tried to fulfil the purposes and ambition she had for him. The operation of this habitual allegiance now kept him up to his work, but the time must come when it could no longer operate, when his whole consciousness should accept the fact known to his intelligence, and he should recognize the close of that incident of his life, as the bereaved finally accept and recognize the fact of death.

The event brought him relief, and it brought him freedom. He was sensible in his relaxation of having strained up to another's ideal, of having been hampered by another's will. His pleasure in the relief was tempered by a regret, not wholly unpleasant, for the girl whose aims, since they were no longer his, must be disappointed. He was sorry for Cynthia, and in his remorse he was fonder of her than he had ever been. He felt her magnanimity and clemency; he began to question, in that wordless deep of being where volition begins, whether it would not be paying a kind of duty to her if he took her at her word and tried to go back to Bessie Lynde. But for the present he did nothing but renounce all notion of working at his conditions, or attempting to take a degree. That was part of a thing that was past, and was no part of anything to come, so far as Jeff now forecast his future.

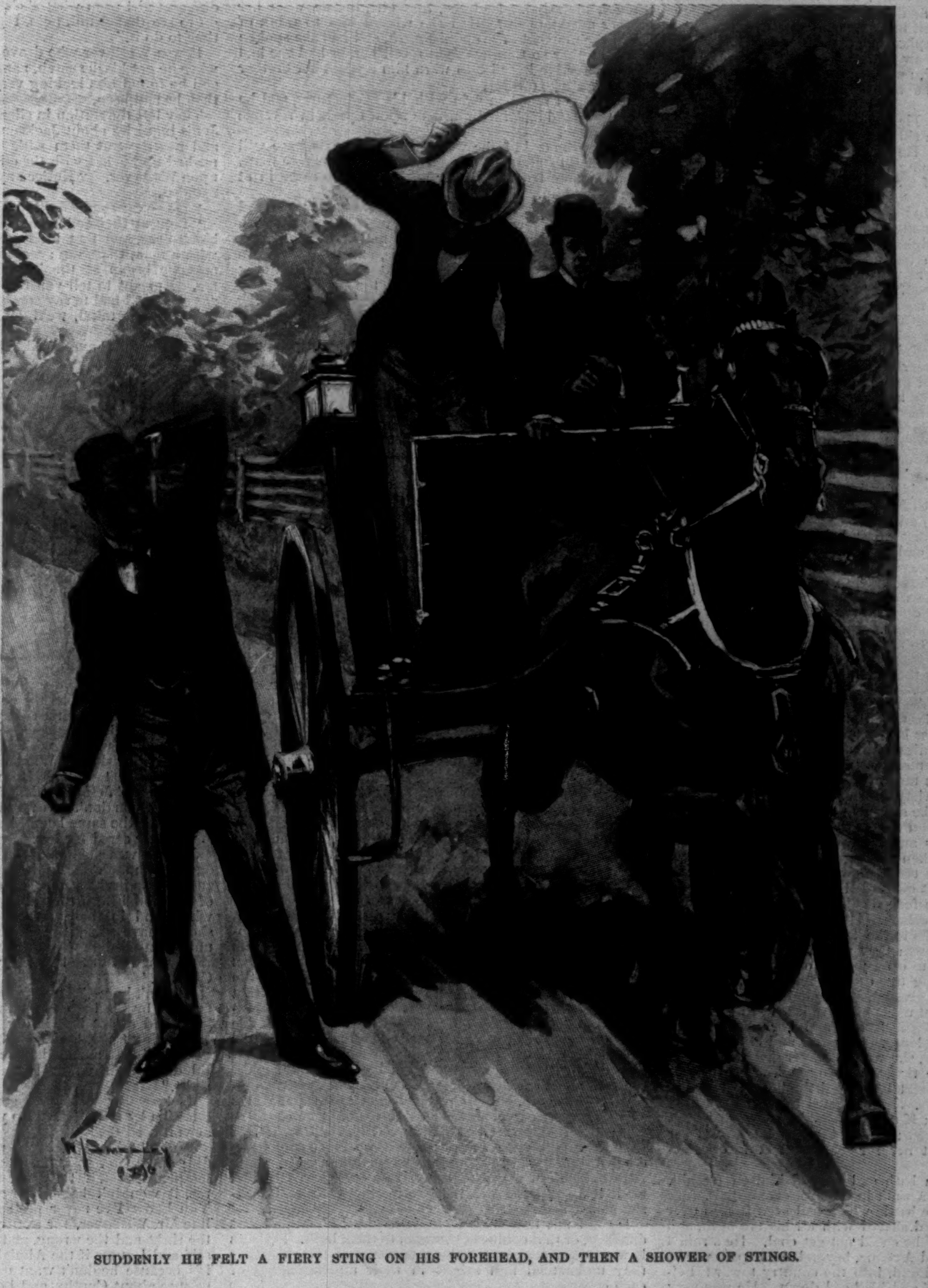
He did not choose to report himself to Westover, and risk a scolding or a snubbing. He easily forgave Westover for the tone he had taken at their last meeting, but he did not care to see him. He would have met him half-way, however, in a friendly advance, and he was aware of much good-will toward him, which he could not have been reluctant to show if chance had brought them together.

Jeff missed Cynthia's letters which used to come so regularly every Tuesday, and he had a half-hour every Sunday which was at first rather painfully vacant since he no longer wrote to her. But in this vacancy he had at least no longer the pang of self-reproach which her letters always brought him, and he was not obliged to put himself to the shame of concealment in writing to her. He had never minded that tacit lying on his own account, but he hated it in relation to her; it always hurt him as something incongruous and unfit. He wrote to his mother now on Sunday, and in his first letter, while the impression of Cynthia's dignity and generosity was still vivid, he urged her to make it clear to the girl that he wished her and her family to remain at Lion's Head, as if nothing had happened. He put a great deal of real feeling into his request, and he offered to go and spend a year in Europe, if his mother thought that Cynthia would be more reconciled to his coming back at the end of that time.

His mother answered with a dryness to which his ear supplied the tones of her voice, that she would try to get along in the management of Lion's Head till his brother got back, but that she had no objection to his going to Europe for a year if he had the money to spare. Jeff could not refuse her joke, as he felt it, a certain applause, but he thought it pretty rough that his mother should take part so decidedly against him as she seemed to be doing. He had expected her to be angry with him, but before they parted she had seemed to find some excuse for him, and yet here she was siding against her own son in what he might very well consider an unnatural way. If Jackson had been at home he would have laid it to his charge; but he knew that Cynthia would have scorned ever to speak of him with his mother, and he knew too well his mother's slight for Whitwell to suppose that he could have influenced her. His mind turned in momentary suspicion to Westover. Had Westover, he wondered, with a purpose to pay him up for it forming itself simultaneously with his question, been setting his mother against him? She might have written to Westover to get at the true inwardness of his behavior, and Westover might have written her something that had made her harden her heart against him. But upon reflection this seemed out of character for both of them; and Jeff was thrown back upon his mother's sober second thought of his misconduct for an explanation of her coldness. He could not deny that he had grievously disappointed her in several ways.

But he did not see why he should not take a certain hint from her letter, or construct a hint from it, at one with a vague intent prompted by his own restless and curious vanity. Since he had parted with Bessie Lynde, on terms of humiliation for her which must have been anguish for him if he had ever loved her, or loved anything but his power over her, he had remained in an absolute ignorance of her. He had not heard where she was or how she was; but now, as the few weeks before Class day and Commencement crumbled away, he began to wonder why she made no sign. He believed that since she had been willing to go so far to get him, she would not be willing to give him up so easily. The thought of Cynthia had always intruded more or less effectively between them, but now that this thought began to fade into the past, the thought of Bessie began to grow out of it with no interposing shadow.

However, Jeff was in no hurry. It was not passion that moved him, and the mood in which he could play with the notion of getting back to his flirtation with Bessie Lynde was pleasanter after the violence of recent events than any renewal of strong sensations could be. He preferred to loiter in this mood, and he was meantime much more comfortable than he had been for a great while. He was rid of the disagreeable sense of disloyalty to Cynthia, and he was rid of the stress of living up to her conscience in various ways. He was rid of Bessie Lynde, too, and of the trouble of forecasting and discounting her caprices. His thought turned at times with a soft regret to hopes, disappointments, experiences connected with neither, and now tinged with a tender melancholy, unalloyed by shame or remorse. As he drew nearer to Class day, he had a somewhat keener compunction for Cynthia and the hopes he had encouraged her to build and had then dashed. But he was coming more and more to regard it all as a fatality; and if the chance that he had counted upon to bring him and Bessie together again had occurred he could have more easily forgiven himself.



SUDDENLY HE FELT A FIERY STING ON HIS FOREHEAD, AND THEN A SHOWER OF STINGS.

One of the jays who was spreading on rather a large scale wanted Jeff to spread with him, but he refused, because, as he said, he meant to keep out of it altogether; and for the same reason he declined to take part in the spread of a rather jay society he belonged to. In his secret heart he trusted that some friendly fortuity might throw an invitation to Beck Hall in his way, or at least a card for the Gym, which if no longer the place it had been was still by no means jay. He got neither, but as he felt all the joy of the June day in his young blood he consoled himself very well with the dancing at one of the halls, where the company happened that year to be openly, almost recklessly jay. Jeff had some distinction among the fellows who enviously knew of his social successes during the winter, and especially of his affair with Bessie Lynde; and there were some girls very pretty and very well dressed among the crowd of girls who were neither. They were from remote parts of the country, and in the charge of chaperons ignorant of the differences so poignant to local society. Jeff went about among them, and danced with the sisters and cousins of several men who seemed superior to the lost condition of their kinswomen; these were nice fellows enough, but doomed by their grinding, or digging, or their want of worldly wisdom, to a place among the jays when they really had some qualifications for a nobler standing. He had a very good time, and he was enjoying himself in his devotion to a lively young brunette whom he was making laugh with his jokes about some of the others, when his eye was caught by a group of ladies who advanced among the jays with something of that collective intrepidity and individual apprehension characteristic of people in slumming. They had the air of not knowing what might happen to them, but the adventurous young Boston matron in charge of the girls kept on a bold front behind her lorgnette, and swept the strange company she found herself in with an unshrinking eye as she led her band among the promenaders, and past the couples seated along the walls. She hesitated a moment as her glance fell upon Jeff, and then she yielded, at whatever risk, to the comfort of finding a known face among so many aliens. "Why, Mr. Durgin!" she called out. "Bessie, here's Mr. Durgin," and she turned to the girl, who was in her train, as Jeff had perceived by something finer than the senses from the first.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

He rose from the side of his brunette, whose brother was standing near, and shook hands with the adventurous young matron, who seemed suddenly much better acquainted with him than he had ever thought her, and with Bessie Lynde; the others were New York girls, and the matron presented him. "Are you going on?" she asked, and the vague challenge with the smile that accompanied it was sufficient invitation for him.

"Why, I believe so," he said, and he turned to take leave of his pretty brunette; but she had promptly vanished with her brother, and he was spared the trouble of getting rid of her. He would have been equal to much more for the sake of finding himself with Bessie Lynde again, whose excitement he could see burning in her eyes, though her thick complexion grew neither brighter nor paler. He did not know what quality of excitement it might be, but he said, audaciously, "It's a good while since we met?" and he was sensible that his audacity availed.

"Is it?" she asked. He put himself at her side, and he did not leave her again till he went to dress for the struggle around the Tree. He found himself easily included in the adventurous young matron's party. He had not the elegance of some of the taller and slenderer men in the scholar's gown, but the cap became his handsome face. His affair with Bessie Lynde had given him a certain note, and an adventurous young matron, who was naturally a little indiscriminate, might very well have been willing to let him go about with her party. She could not know how impudent his mere presence was with reference to Bessie, and the girl herself made no sign that could have enlightened her. She accepted something more than her share of his general usefulness to the party; she danced with him whenever he asked her, and she seemed not to scruple to publish her affair with him in the openest manner. If he could have stilled a certain shame for her which he felt, he would have thought he was having the best kind of time. They made no account of bygones in their talk, but she had never been so brilliant, or prompted him to so many of the effronteries which were the spirit of his humor. He thought her awfully nice, with lots of sense; he liked her letting him come back without any fooling or fuss, and he began to admire instead of despising her for it. Decidedly it was, as she would have said, the chicquest sort of thing. What was the use, anyway? He made up his mind.

When he said he must go and dress for the Tree, he took leave of her first, and he was aware of a vivid emotion, which was like regret in her at parting with him. She said, *Must* he? She seemed to want to say something more to him; while he was dismissing himself from the others, he noticed that once or twice she opened her lips as if she were going to speak. In the end she did nothing more important than to ask if he had seen her brother; but after he had left the party he turned and saw her following him with eyes that he fancied anxious and even frightened in their gaze.

The riot round the Tree roared itself through its wonted events. Class after class of the undergraduates filed in and sank upon the grass below the terraces and parterres of brilliantly dressed ladies within the quadrangle of seats; the alumni pushed themselves together against the wall of Holden Chapel; the men of the Senior class came last in their grotesque variety of sweaters and second and third best clothes for the scramble at the Tree. The regulation cheers tore from throats that grew hoarser and hoarser, till every class and every favorite in the faculty had been cheered. Then the signal-hat was flung into the air, and the rush at the Tree was made, and the combat for the flowers that garlanded its burly waist began.

Jeff's size and shape forbade him to try for the flowers from the shoulders of others. He was one of a group of jays who set their backs to the Tree, and fought away all comers except their own; they pulled down every man not of their sort and put up a jay, who stripped the Tree of its flowers, and flung them to his fellows below. As he was let drop to the ground, Jeff snatched a handful of his spoil from him, and made off with it toward the place where he had seen Bessie Lynde and her party. But when he reached the place, shouldering and elbowing his way through the press, she was no longer there. He saw her hat at a distance through the crowd, where he did not choose to follow, and he stuffed the flowers into his breast to give her later. He expected to meet her somewhere in the evening; if not, he would try to find her at her aunt's house in town; failing that, he could send her the flowers, and trust her for some sort of leading acknowledgment.

He went and had a bath and dressed himself freshly, and then he went for a walk in the still evening air. He was very hot from the battle which had been fought over him, and which he had shared with all his strength, and it seemed to him as if he could not get cool. He strolled far out along Concord Avenue, beyond the expanses and ice-houses of Fresh Pond, into the country toward Belmont, with his hat off and his head down. He was very well satisfied, and he was smiling to himself at the ease of his return to Bessie, and securely speculating upon the outcome of their renewed understanding.

He heard a vehicle behind him, rapidly driven, and he turned out for it without looking around. Then suddenly he felt a fiery sting on his forehead, and then a shower of stings swiftly following each other over his head and face. He remembered stumbling, when he was a boy, into a nest of yellow-jackets, that swarmed up around him and pierced him like sparks of fire at every uncovered point. But he knew at the same time that it was some one in the vehicle beside him who was lashing him over the head with a whip. He bowed his head with his eyes shut and lunged blindly out towards his assailant, hoping to seize him.

But the horse sprang aside, and tore past him down the road. Jeff opened his eyes, and through the blood that dripped from the cuts above them he saw the wicked face of Alan Lynde looking back at him from the dog-cart where he sat with his man beside him. He brandished his broken whip in the air, and flung it into the bushes. Jeff walked on, and picked it up, before he turned aside to the pools of the marsh stretching on either hand, and tried to stanch his hurts, and get himself into shape for returning to town, and stealing back to his lodging. He had to wait till after dark, and watch his chance to get into the house unnoticed.

XLVIII.

The chum to whom Jeff confided the story of his encounter with a man he left nameless, inwardly thanked fortune that he was not that man; for he knew him destined sooner or later to make such reparation for the injuries he had inflicted as Jeff chose to exact. He tended him carefully, and respected the reticence Jeff guarded concerning the whole matter, even with the young doctor whom his friend called, and who kept to himself his impressions of the nature of Jeff's injuries.

Jeff lay in his darkened room, and burned with them, and with the thoughts, guesses, purposes which flamed through his mind. Had she, that girl, known what her brother meant to do? Had she wished him to think of her in the moment of his punishment, and had she spoken of her brother so that he might recall her, or had she had some ineffective impulse to warn him against her brother when she spoke of him?

He lay and raged in vain with his conjectures, and he did a thousand imagined murders upon Lynde in revenge of his shame.

Toward the end of the week, while his hurts were still too evident to allow him to go out-of-doors before dark, he had a note from Westover asking him to come in at once to see him.

"Your brother Jackson," Westover wrote, "reached Boston by the New York train this morning, and is with me here. I must tell you I think he is not at all well, but he does not know how sick he is, and so I forewarn you. He wants to get on home, but I do not feel easy about letting him make the rest of the journey alone. Some one ought to go with him. I write not knowing whether you are still in Cambridge or not; or whether, if you are, you can get away at this time. But I think you ought, and I wish, at any rate, that you would come in at once and see Jackson. Then we can settle what had best be done."

Jeff wrote back that he had been suffering with a severe attack of erysipelas—he decided upon erysipelas, for the time being, and he meant to let Westover know later that he had been in a row—and the doctor would not let him go out yet. He promised to come in as soon as he possibly could. If Westover thought Jackson ought to be got home at once, and was not fit to travel alone, he asked him to send a hospital nurse with him.

Westover replied by Jeff's messenger that it would worry and alarm Jackson to be put in charge of a nurse; but that he would go home with him, and they would start the next day. He urged Jeff to come and see his brother if it was at all safe for him to do so. But if he could not, Westover would give his mother a reassuring reason for his failure.

Mrs. Durgin did not waste any anxiety for the sickness which prevented Jeff from coming home with his brother. She said sceptically that it must be very bad, and she gave all her thought and care to Jackson. The sick man rallied, as he prophesied he should, in his native air, and celebrated the sense and science of the last doctor he had seen in Europe, who told him that he had made a great gain, but he had better hurry home as fast as he could, for he had got all the advantage he could expect to have from his stay abroad, and now home air was the best thing for him.

It could not be known how much of this he believed; he had, at any rate, the pathetic hopefulness of his malady; but his mother believed it all, and she nursed him with a faith in his recovery which Whitwell confided to Westover was about as much as he wanted to see, for *one* while. She seemed to grow younger in the care of him, and to get back to herself, more and more, from the facts of Jeff's behavior, which had aged and broken her. She had to tell Jackson about it all, but he took it with that indifference to the things of this world which the approach of death sometimes brings, and in the light of his passivity it no longer seemed to her so very bad. It was a relief to have Jackson say, Well, perhaps it was for the best; and it was a comfort to see how he and Cynthia took to each other; it was almost as if that dreadful trouble had not been. She told Jackson what hard work she had had to make Cynthia stay with her, and how the girl had consented to stay only until Jeff came home; but she guessed now that Jackson had got back, he could make Cynthia see it all in another light, and perhaps it would come right again. She consulted him about Jeff's plan of going abroad, and Jackson said it might be about as well; he should soon be around, and he thought if Jeff went, it would give Cynthia more of a chance to get reconciled. After all, his mother suggested, a good many fellows behaved worse than Jeff had done and still had made it up with the girls they were engaged to; and Jackson gently assented.

He did not talk with Cynthia about Jeff, out of that delicacy, or that coldness, common to them both. Perhaps it was not necessary for them to speak of him; perhaps they understood him aright in their understanding of each other.

Westover staid on, day after day, thinking somehow that he ought to wait till Jeff came. There were only a few other people in the hotel, and these were of a quiet sort; they were not saddened by the presence of a doomed man under the same roof, as gayer summer-folks might have been, and they were themselves no disturbance to him.

He sat about with them on the veranda, and he made friends among them, and they did what they could to encourage and console him in his impatience to take up his old cares in the management of the hotel. The Whitwells easily looked after the welfare of the guests, and Jackson was so much better to every one's perception that Westover could honestly write Jeff a good report of him.

The report may have been so good that Jeff took the affair too easily. It was a fortnight after Jackson's return to Lion's Head when he began to fail so suddenly and alarmingly that Westover decided upon his own responsibility to telegraph Jeff of his condition. But he had the satisfaction of Whitwell's approval when he told him what he had done.

"Of course, Jackson a'n't long for this world. Anybody but him and his mother could see that; and now he's just melting away, as you might say. I ha'n't liked his not carin' to work plantchette since he got back; looked to me from the start that he kind of knowed that it wa'n't worth while for him to trouble about a world that he'll know all about so soon, anyways; and d'you notice he don't seem to care about Mars any, either? I've tried to wake him up on it two-three times, but you can't git him to take an interest. I guess Jeff can't git here any too soon on Jackson's account, but as far forth as I go, he couldn't git here too late. I should like to take the top of his head off."

Westover had been in Whitwell's confidence since their first chance of speech together. He now said, "I know it will be rather painful to you to have him here for some reasons, but—"

"You mean Cynthy? Well! I guess when Cynthy can't get along with the sight of Jeff Durgin, she'll be a different girl from what she's ever been before. If she's *got* to see that skunk agin, I guess this is about the best time to do it."

It was Westover who drove to meet Jeff at the station, when he got his despatch, naming the train he would take, and he found him looking very well, and perhaps stouter than he had been.

They left the station in silence, after their greetings and Jeff's inquiries about Jackson. Jeff had taken the reins, and now he put them with the whip in one hand, and pushed up his hat with the other, and turned his face full upon Westover. "Notice anything in particular?" he demanded.

"No—yes; some slight marks."

"I guess that fellow fixed me up pretty well: paints black eyes, and that kind of thing. I got to scrapping with a man, Class day; we wanted to settle a little business we began at the Tree, and he left his marks on me. I meant to tell you the truth as soon as I could get at you; but I had to say erysipelas in my letter. I guess, if you don't mind, we'll let erysipelas stand, with the rest."

"I shouldn't have cared," Westover said, "if you'd let it stand with me."

"Oh, thank you," Jeff returned.

There could have been no show of affection at his meeting with Jackson, even if there had been any fact of it; that was not the law of their life. But Jeff had always been a turbulent, rebellious younger brother, resentful of Jackson's control, too much his junior to have the associations of an equal companionship in the past, and yet too near him in age to have anything like a filial regard for him. They shook hands, and each asked the other how he was, and then they seemed to have done with each other. Jeff's mother kissed him in addition to the handshaking, but made him feel her preoccupation with Jackson; she asked him if he had hurried home on Jackson's account, and he promptly lied her out of this anxiety.

He shook hands with Cynthia, too, but it was across the barrier which had not been lowered between them since they parted. He spoke to Jackson about her, the day after he came home, when Jackson said he was feeling unusually strong and well, and the two brothers had strolled out through the orchard together. Now and then he gave the sick man his arm, and when he wanted to sit down in a sunny place, he spread the shawl he carried for him.

"I suppose mother's told you about Cynthy and me, Jackson?" he began.

Jackson answered, with lack-lustre eyes, "Yes," and presently he asked, "What's become of the other girl?"

"Damn her! I don't *know* what's become of her, and I don't care!" Jeff exploded, furiously.

"Then you don't care for her any more?" Jackson pursued, with the same languid calm.

"I *never* cared for her."

Jackson was silent, and the matter seemed to have faded out of his mind. But it was keenly alive in Jeff's mind, and he was in the strange necessity which men in the flush of life and health often feel of seeking counsel of those who stand in the presence of death, as if their words should have something of the mystical authority of the unknown wisdom they are about to penetrate.

"What *I* want to know is, what am I going to do about Cynthy?"

"I don't know," Jackson answered, vaguely, and he expressed by his indirection the sense he must sometimes have had of his impending fate—"I don't know what she's going to do, her or mother, either."

"Yes," Jeff assented, "that's what I think of. And I'd do anything that I could—that you thought was right."

Jackson apparently concentrated his mind upon the question by an effort. "Do you care as much for Cynthy as you used to?"

"Yes," said Jeff, after a moment, "as much as I ever did; and more. But I've been thinking, since the thing happened, that, if I'd cared for her the way she did for me, it wouldn't have happened. Look here, Jackson! You know I've never pretended to be like some men—like Mr. Westover, for example—always looking out for the right and the wrong, and all that. I didn't make myself, and I guess if the Almighty don't make me go right, it's because he don't want me to. But I *have* got a conscience about Cynthy, and I'd be willing to help out a little, if I knew how, about her. The devil of it is, I've got to being afraid. I don't mean that I'm not fit for her; any man's fit for any woman if he wants her bad enough; but I'm afraid I sha'n't ever care for her, in the right way. That's the point. I've cared for just one woman in this world, and it a'n't Cynthy, as far as I can make out. But she's gone, and I guess I could coax Cynthy round again, and I could be what she wants me to be, after this."

Jackson lay upon his shawl, looking up at the sky full of islands of warm clouds in its sea of blue; he was silent so long that Jeff began to think he had not been listening; he could not hear him breathe, and he came forward to him quickly from the shadow of the tree where he sat.

"Well?" Jackson whispered, turning his eyes upon him.

"Well?" Jeff returned.

"I guess you'd better let it alone," said Jackson.

"All right. That's what I think, too."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

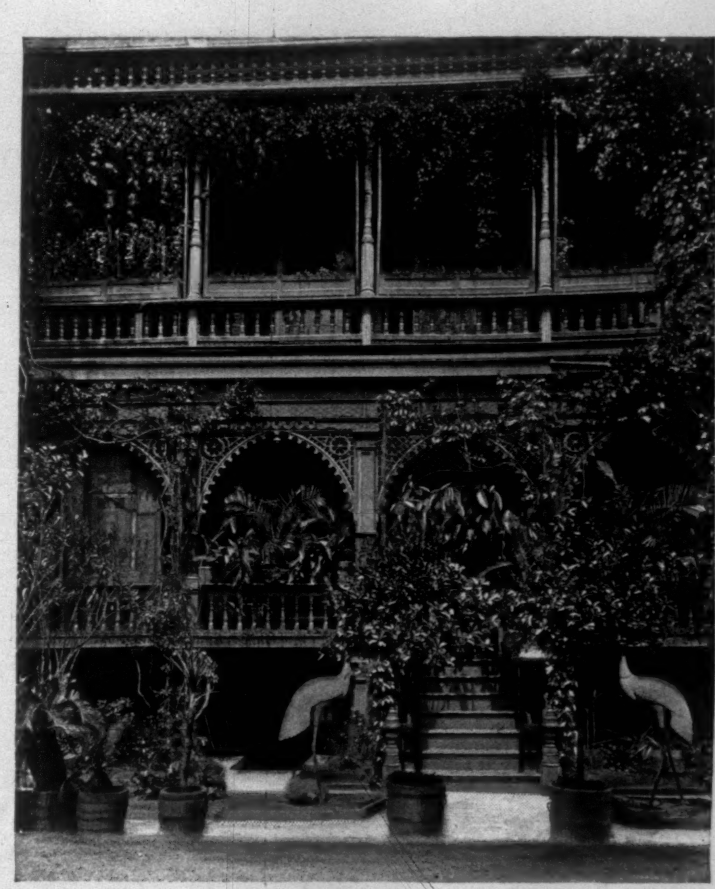
HISTORIC NEW YORK HOUSES.

BY RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON.

THE person who hunts in New York for the houses in which the great men and women of the past have lived and died will find scant reward for his labor. Not here but across the sea to Holland must he go if he would find houses like those in which the stolid, sturdy burghers of New Amsterdam made their homes. He will search, too, almost in vain for structures belonging to the Revolutionary era, and for the homes of the famous people of later periods in the history of the city. And yet his quest, if followed with industry and some small degree of patience, will be interesting and instructive.

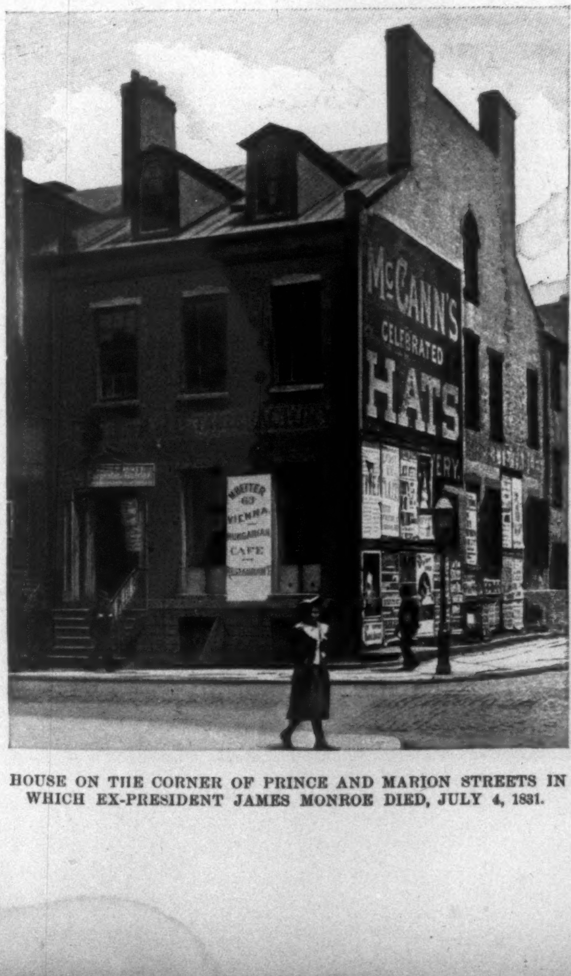
Fraunces' Tavern, still standing and in use on the southeast corner of Broad and Pearl streets, is now, with little doubt, the oldest building in the city, and perhaps one could have no more fitting reminder of the New York of a century and a quarter ago. It was then the social headquarters of the city, and here its leading men gathered of a Saturday evening in winter and enjoyed themselves, after the hearty, generous fashion of the olden time, until the coming of the Revolution brought more serious days, and scattered them to the four quarters of the compass—some to swell the ranks of the Royalist exiles in Nova Scotia and England; others to take service in the patriot army; and not a few to serve the cause of the King as best they could within the British lines on Long Island. The site of the house once belonged to the De Lancey family, and in 1750 Oliver De Lancey, son of Étienne De Lancey, first of the name in America, seems to have had his residence either here or in the house adjoining, but in 1754 a tavern is found here kept by one John Downs, under the sign of the Queen's Head, the head being that of Queen Caroline, wife of the second George. In Hanover Square, close at hand, clustered nearly all the great merchants engaged in the importing trade, and the tavern was then in the business locality of the city.

In January, 1762, it passed by deed into the ownership of Samuel Fraunces, whose name has ever since clung to it. Fraunces was easily the best-known publican of his time, a native of the French West Indies, and by reason of his swarthy complexion popularly known as Black Sam. Tradition has it that he was a splendid cook, and a restless, venturesome fellow as well. He did not long remain content with his new venture, and from 1765 to 1770 leased it in turn to John Jones and Bolton & Sigell. It was during the tenancy of the latter—in 1768, to be exact—that the New York Chamber of Commerce was instituted in the Long Room of the tavern, and here its monthly evening sessions were held until permanent quarters were found for it in the Merchants' Exchange, close at hand. In 1770 Fraunces, who had meanwhile conducted the Vauxhall, a summer garden on the Hudson at the foot of Warren Street, resumed the management of his hostelry. "The Queen's Head"—so runs his naive announcement in *Holt's New York Journal* of September 13, 1770—"for many years past kept by the subscriber, is now fitting up in the most genteel and convenient manner for the reception and entertainment of those gentlemen, ladies, and others who may favor him with their company. As the best clubs and the greatest entertainments in this city were at the above tavern in the time of the subscriber, he flatters himself the public are so well satisfied of his ability to serve them as to render the swelling of an advertisement useless, other than to assure his former friends and the public in general that every endeavor will be used to give them the highest satisfaction and the utmost respect on all occasions shown by their already much obliged and very obedient servant, Samuel Fraunces."

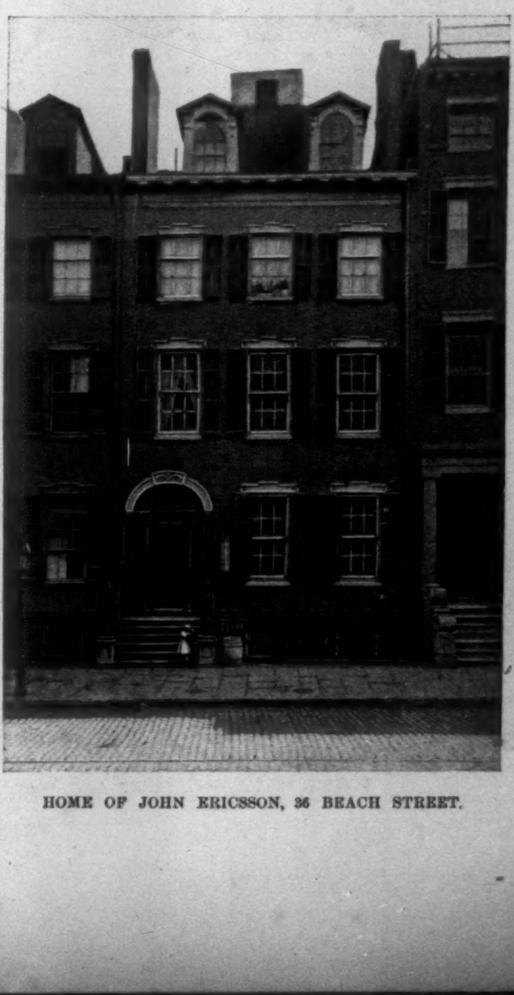


REAR OF EDWIN FORREST'S HOUSE, 436 WEST 22D STREET.

Fraunces seems to have kept his word, and stately John Hancock, President of the Second Continental Congress, in 1775, in a letter to his intended wife, Dorothy Quincy, describing his entrance from the King's Bridge into the city of New York — he was then on his way from his home in Massachusetts to attend the opening of the Congress in Philadelphia — says they were "set down at Fraunces' Tavern amid the acclamations of thousands." In August, 1775, when the cannon were removed from the Battery by the Sons of Liberty, the angry commander of the British man-of-war *Asia* fired upon the city, and one of the balls lodged in the roof of the tavern. Fraunces, however, did not complain at this, for he was a stanch friend of the patriot cause, and played a worthy, if modest, part in the stirring events of the time. In 1776 he went out with the patriots, but seems later to have returned to the city, perhaps by British permission, under arrangement with Washington, and to have resided there during at least part of the British occupation, as his generous advances to the American prisoners at that time confined in the city prompted a vote of thanks and a handsome grant of money from Congress. It was in the Long Room of Fraunces' Tavern that, at the close of the military movements attending the taking possession of the city on the evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783, Governor Clinton gave a dinner to the commander-in-chief and other general officers of the patriot forces, but the event by reason of which this famous old inn will always claim a place in our history occurred nine days later, when, on December 4, 1783, in this same Long Room, Washington took touching and solemn farewell of his generals before departing upon his journey to Annapolis, where he surrendered his commission to Congress. Mine host Fraunces was not forgotten in the bestowal of rewards which followed the success of the patriot cause and the founding of the republic. When, in 1789, Washington returned to New York to be inaugurated President of the United States and took up his residence here, he made Fraunces steward of his household, a post for which the latter was admirably fitted, and which he filled to the satisfaction of all concerned; and so his humble name has a place in our annals side by side with that of his great patron.



HOUSE ON THE CORNER OF PRINCE AND MARION STREETS IN WHICH EX-PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE DIED, JULY 4, 1831.

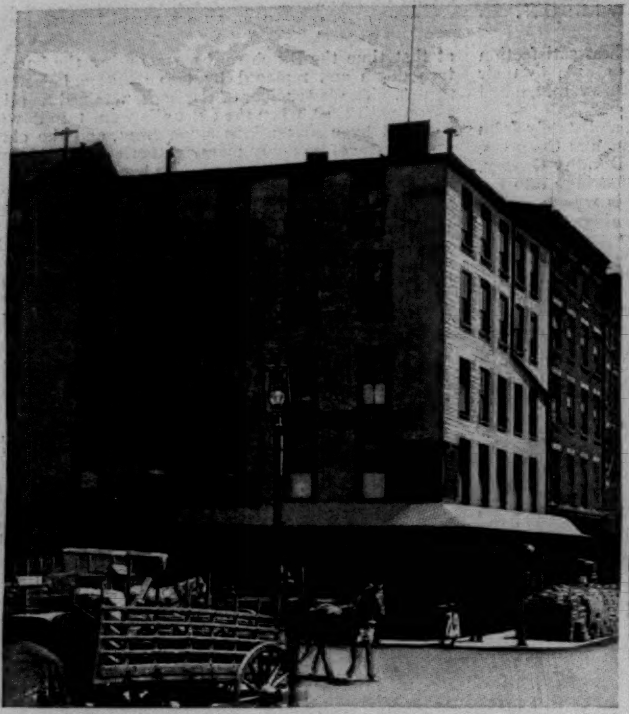


HOME OF JOHN ERICSSON, 36 BEACH STREET.

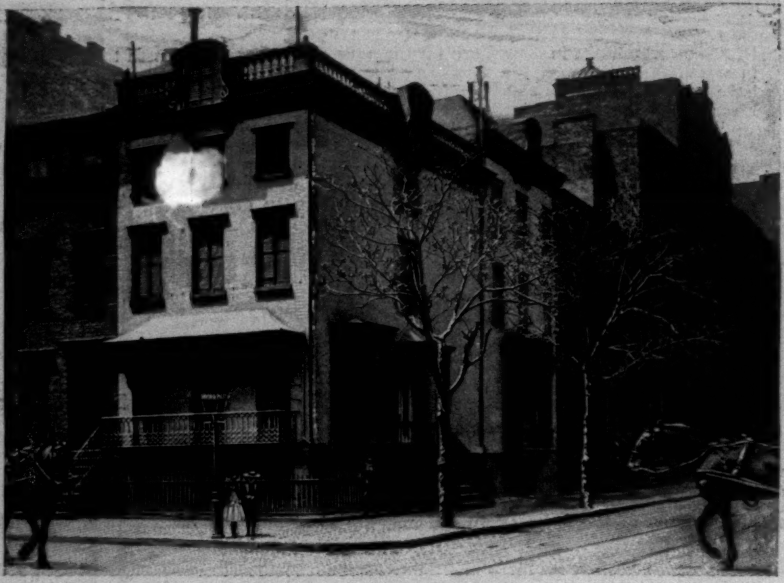
Fraunces' Tavern was probably built in the summer or autumn of 1753. It was originally three stories high, a lofty building for those early days, and built of brick brought from Golden's yard in Amsterdam. It is still a public house, and has never been otherwise since it was first opened for that purpose. In 1853 a fire visited the building, but did no serious damage. In the repairs made at that time the Dutch roof surmounting the house was torn down and replaced by two additional flat-topped stories. The lower floor of the house retained its original shape until 1890, when the old walls were torn down and replaced by a pretentious stone front, and the old taproom, scene of so many merry gatherings in the vanished days, was converted into a modern bar-room. Fortunately, however, these modern improvements stopped short of the Long Room, on the second floor. This is an apartment forty-three feet in length and twenty in width. Its walls are hung with a picture of the old tavern, a faded and time-worn copy of the Declaration of Independence, a portrait of Washington, and other articles eloquent of the history and associations of the place. Save for the paper on the walls and the laying of a new floor, the Long Room has not been changed since Washington stood there. The old wall-cupboard still stands, and just across the narrow hallway is the old kitchen, improved by the introduction of a modern range, but otherwise unchanged. On the third floor are several small rooms built for guests of the tavern, rarely used at present, but which, except as to furniture, stand just as they did a hundred years ago.

In the upper part of New York stand two historic houses, the oldest antedating the Revolution, and the other the home of one of the founders of the republic — the Jumel mansion and Hamilton Grange. No house in America has had a more interesting or varied history than the first of these, which stands on Washington Heights at 162d Street and Edgecombe Avenue. Frederick Phillipse, descendant of a noble Bohemian family and second lord of Phillipse Manor on the Hudson, had a charming daughter, Mary by name, who declined the hand of George Washington, then a colonel of militia and counted one of the rising men of his province. She became a little later the wife of Roger Morris, aide to Braddock, and Washington's companion in arms in the disastrous fight in which the British general lost his life. They were married in January, 1758, and the bride's dowry in her own right was a large domain, plate, jewelry, and money, while she received as a wedding present from her brother, third and last lord of the manor, the house on Washington Heights. Here Colonel Morris and his wife lived in princely style until the Revolution. Then the husband espoused the Royalists cause, and with his family was compelled to seek safety in flight.

The Morris mansion was seized by the Continental troops, and in the summer of 1776 Washington made his headquarters in the deserted home of his former successful rival for a fair woman's hand. The apartment occupied by Washington as a sleeping-room is shown to visitors, so also are the room at the end of the great hall used as a council chamber by the general and his staff, and the tree on the lawn to which the former was accustomed to tie his horse. Compelled to face an army of veterans which outnumbered his bands of raw recruits two to one, Washington, after several disastrous skirmishes, in the early autumn of 1776 retreated across the Hudson River into New Jersey. It was after this retreat that the Morris mansion played its part in one of the most exciting incidents of his military career. On the crown of the Heights, a mile to the north of the mansion, the patriots at the opening of the war had built a fort with strong outworks, called Fort Washington. When the retreat into New Jersey was ordered, 1000 men were left behind to garrison the fort, but were

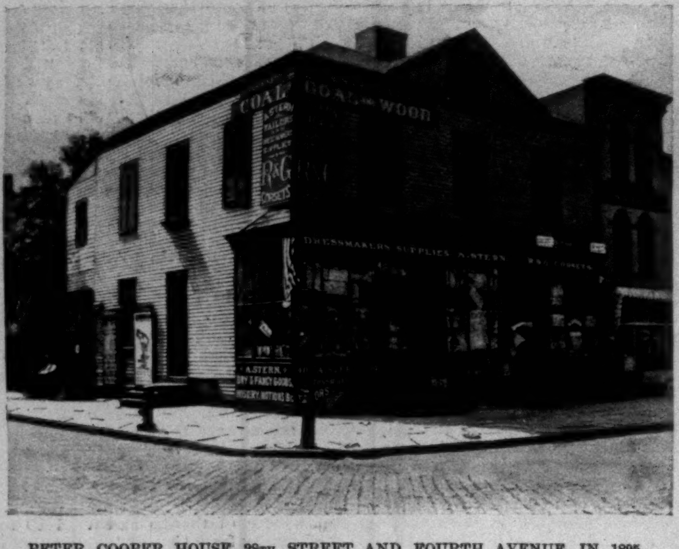


FRAUNCES' TAVERN, CORNER OF PEARL AND BROAD STREETS.



HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING, 17TH STREET AND IRVING PLACE.

at once besieged in strong force by the British and their Hessian and Tory allies. From Fort Lee, on the Palisades opposite, Washington anxiously watched their advance, and realizing the danger that menaced the garrison, decided to abandon the fort. His council, however, overruled him, and re-enforcements were sent. Still, the siege went on, and a demand was made for a surrender. Informed of this, Washington crossed the river, with Generals Putnam, Greene, and Mercer, and cautiously made his way to the Morris mansion. From an upper room of the house he was making a hurried survey of the condition of affairs at the fort, when the pretty wife of a Pennsylvania soldier, who had come with her husband to the field, and who on the present occasion had followed the chief from the river, stole to his side and whispered something in his ear. Instantly Washington ordered his companions into the saddle, and they galloped post-haste back to the boats that had brought them from the Jersey shore. Fifteen minutes after their hurried flight from the house a British regiment, which had been quietly climbing the Heights, appeared in front of it. A woman's quick eyes had been the first to discover its approach, and her timely warning had saved Washington and his generals from capture, and averted a heavy, perhaps a fatal, blow to the patriot cause. The fort fell, after a fight that strewed the Heights thick with graves.

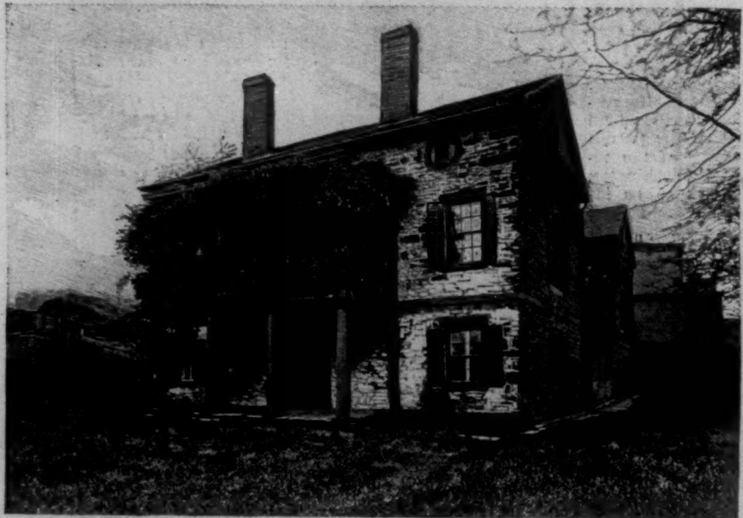


PETER COOPER HOUSE, 28TH STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE, IN 1895.

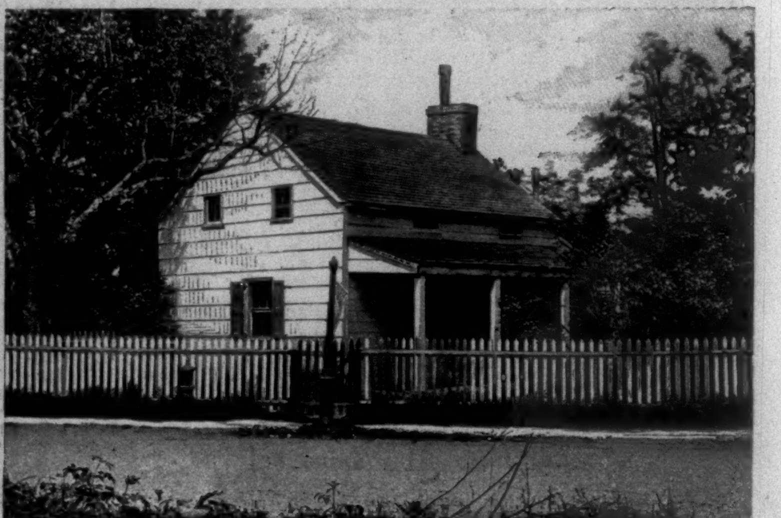
Morris was an active royalist, and, as a consequence, at the close of the war his property, and his wife's as well, was declared confiscated; but the title to the house remained in dispute, until in 1810 John Jacob Astor bought up the claims of the Morris heirs. By Astor the house was sold, a little later, to Stephen Jumel, and thus entered upon another brilliant period of its history. Jumel, after a stirring and adventurous youth, had settled in New York, and prospering in business, had become one of the great merchant princes of his time. When his fortune was secured he wooed and courted a beautiful New England girl, and purchased the Morris mansion as a home for his bride. The old house was refitted with hangings, plate, and furniture brought from France, madame's drawing-room being furnished with chairs and divans that had been the property of hapless Marie Antoinette. The Jumels entertained on a lordly scale, and their New-Year's feasts were counted among the most memorable social events of the period. Jérôme Bonaparte, he who married and deserted high-spirited Betty Patterson, was a frequent visitor at their home, and when they visited Paris after the death of Napoleon they were received in the most exclusive *salons*. A portrait of madame painted during this trip shows a beautiful and charming matron, with finely cut, aristocratic features, and clad in a robe of blue velvet, with collars and lappets of lace.

The husband died in 1832, and a year later the widow made the acquaintance of Aaron Burr, the latter then almost an octogenarian, but still retaining in full measure the powers of fascination that fifty years before had given him so much success with women. Burr was old and poor and under a cloud; madame was rich, courted, and unwilling to wed again; but he pushed his suit with an ardor that would not brook refusal, and finally, after repeated rebuffs, told her that on a certain day he should come with a clergyman, and she must then yield to his importunities. He kept his word; and one sunny afternoon in July, riding up in state to the great portico, accompanied by the minister who half a century before had married him to the mother of his daughter Theodosia, he insisted that Madame Jumel should then and there become his wife. Alarmed and dismayed, but fearing a scandal, and urged by her relatives to give way, she reluctantly consented, and they were married in the great drawing-room of the mansion. In this same room, a few days later—so the gossips told the story—madame discovered Burr in the act of kissing a pretty maid, and soundly boxing his ears, ordered him from the house. Be this as it may, Parton, than whom we could have no better authority, says that Burr rapidly squandered his wife's wealth, and when she demanded an accounting, coolly informed her that it was none of her affairs, and that her husband could manage her estate. Quite naturally there were bitter quarrels between the ill-matched couple, followed by tardy reconciliations, and at last, in 1834, a divorce. Madame survived her separation from Burr thirty-one years, dying in 1865. Her last years contrasted strangely with her youth and middle life. Wilful always, her eccentricities became more manifest as age crept upon her. Toward the end she lived like a recluse and miser, seeing few visitors, and hoarding the fruits of her estate in an unused chamber, and her death was a sad and lonely one. The Jumel mansion is now owned and occupied by a family of wealth and culture, who take pride in its history. Strongly built, it is in an excellent state of preservation, promising to outlive another century, and nowhere can a more delightful hour be spent than in wandering about its rooms and the surrounding grounds. Washington's old council-chamber is now a dancing-room, and the kitchen has been converted into a billiard-room, but the drawing-room in which madame and Burr were married, and the room on the second floor in which the former died, are unchanged and no "modern improvements" mar the solid, antique exterior of the house, which reminds one of an aged aristocrat standing proudly silent among the noise and clamor of struggling nobodies.

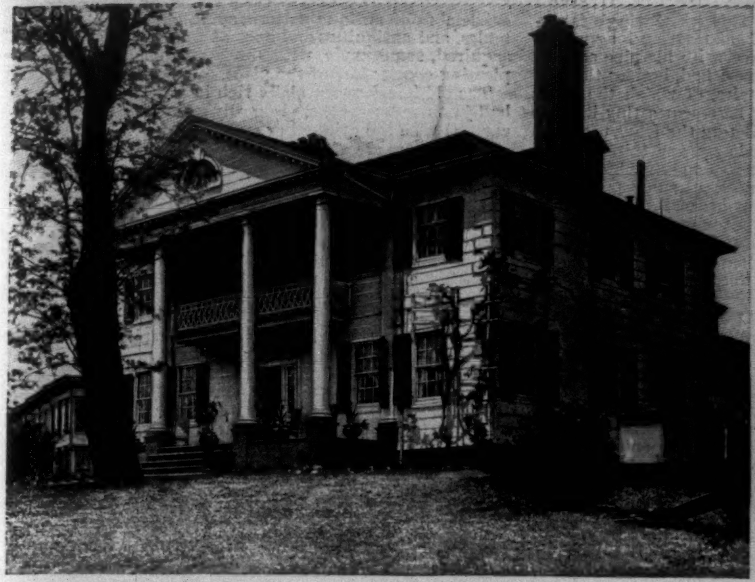
Hamilton Grange, the country home that Alexander Hamilton built for himself and his family in 1802, no longer occupies its original site. It stood until a few years ago on Tenth Avenue and 142d Street, but now adjoins St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, of which it is the rectory. Hamilton Grange, when bought by Hamilton and called after the family estate in Scotland, included the plot extending from St. Nicholas Avenue to Tenth Avenue, and



SMITH'S FOLLY, 61ST STREET AND EAST RIVER.



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S HOUSE AT FORDHAM.

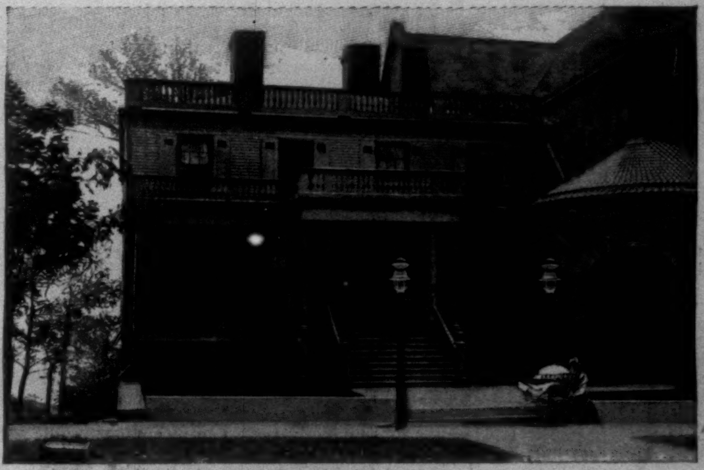


THE JUMEL MANSION, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

ROOM IN THE JUMEL MANSION IN WHICH AARON BURR MARRIED THE WIDOW OF STEPHEN JUMEL.

from 141st to 145th streets. It then stood eight miles from the centre of the city, and Hamilton chose it mainly for the quiet and seclusion it offered. Here, when the house was finished, he brought his gracious wife and seven young children, and here, no doubt, for he was then but forty-six, and in the full prime of his magnificent powers, he hoped to pass many happy and honored years. But a sad awakening was to follow this pleasant dream. On the morning of July 11, 1804, he rode forth to face the pistol of an adversary, and in the wooded glade at Weehawken Aaron Burr's bullet laid him low. A few hours later friends brought him, desperately wounded, to the house of Mr. Bayard in Greenwich Village, where he died the next day. He is buried in Trinity Church Yard.

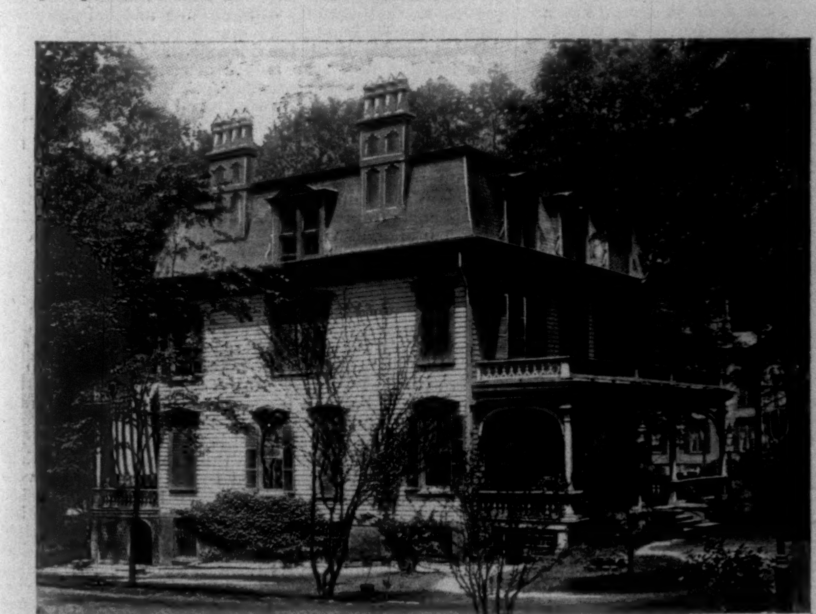
The old house is a square two-story structure, with a basement, plainly built of deal boards, and painted an olive green. There are verandas for the first story on the east and west sides, and at the rear a long flight of steps runs down sidewise from the rear porch. The main entrance is fronted by a roomy porch, where Mrs. Hamilton, the daughter of General Philip Schuyler, used to wait for her husband, when in the warm summer afternoons he came galloping up the King's Road from his office in the distant town, and where they sat together on pleasant evenings, and perhaps watched the growth of the thirteen oak-trees Hamilton had planted in honor of the thirteen original States. These trees are still standing, a little to the southeast of the first site of the house, while other trees stud the lawn, and a ragged border of box, showing the growth of years, runs along the abandoned carriage drive. The front door of the house opens into a small hallway, and to the right is a spacious room used by Hamilton as a library and study. Adjoining it, also on the right, is the dining-room, low studded, octagonal in shape, and having a bay-window at the east. The woodwork, the white marble mantel, and the fireplace are severe in their simplicity, and the only notable decorative features of the room are set panels of mirror glass, eighteen each in the doors at the west and north. At the left are the parlor and reception-rooms, and the second floor contains five sleeping apartments, plain, square rooms, which once commanded a pleasant outlook, as the house, when it was built, stood on rising ground. When Hamilton was laying out the property he wrote to his friend Pinckney, soliciting some melon seeds for his garden and some paroquets for his daughter. "A garden," he added, "is a very unusual refuge for a disappointed politician." He was still a young man when Burr's bullet put a sudden period to his interest in melons and paroquets, and her father's death drove his daughter mad, but the old house, surviving those for whom it was built, still stands a mute but moving reminder of the irony of human hopes and ambitions.



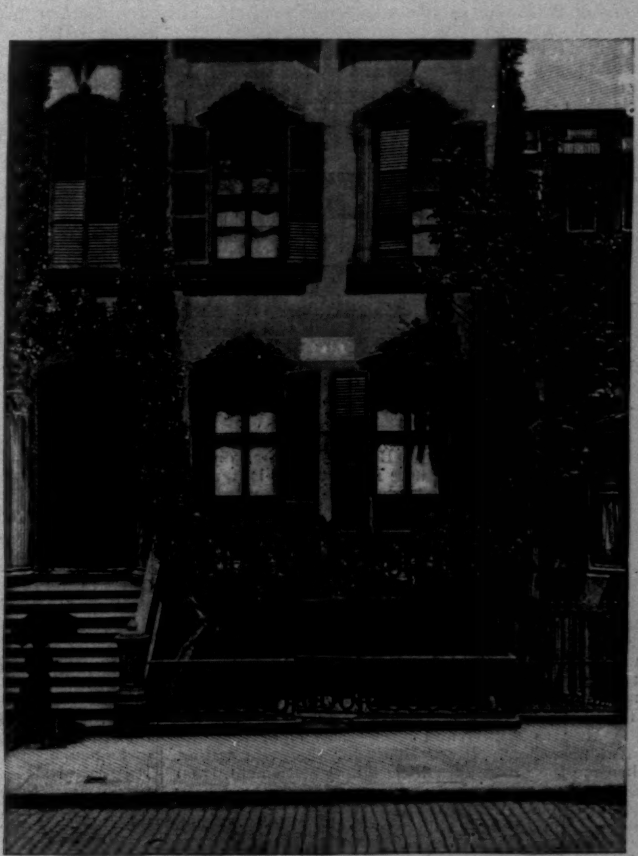
HAMILTON GRANGE.

Three ex-Presidents of the republic have lived and two have died in New York city. The house at 123 Lexington Avenue was once the home of Chester A. Arthur, and it was there that he died; and an old-fashioned, Dutch-roofed house, still standing at the corner of Prince and Marion streets, was the last home of James Monroe. After the death of his wife, in 1830, ex-President Monroe came to New York and lived with his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, once postmaster of the city, at 63 Prince Street, then the centre of much of the wealth and society of the metropolis. He was in feeble health when he came, and died on July 4, 1831. His funeral occurred three days later, and was by far the largest that had occurred in New York up to that time. The body remained in the Marble Cemetery in East Second Street for twenty-seven years. In 1858 it was disinterred at the request of the State of Virginia, and removed to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, where it now lies. The Prince Street house shows signs of age and neglect. It stands amid squalid surroundings, and now does duty as a Hungarian restaurant. In the house at 3 East Sixty-sixth Street General Grant passed the most heroic period of his life. The house was bought by friends of the General and presented to Mrs. Grant soon after their return from Europe in 1879. Here the long illness that ended at Mount McGregor came upon him, and here, battling grimly with death, he wrote his memoirs, in order that his wife and children might not want after he was gone. It was the greatest battle of his life, and the picture of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors, working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains he knew he could never enjoy, is one to which history offers no parallel. He won in this race with death, and finished his task a few days before the end came.

An apartment-house has replaced the old home of General Scott at 136 West Twentieth Street, but the house in which Admiral Farragut lived for several years, and in which he died in September, 1870, is still standing, at 113 East Thirty-sixth Street. The same is true of the house in which Horace Greeley lived many years, at 35 East Nineteenth Street. This is a three-story brick building, now devoted to business purposes. Here the founder of the *Tribune* and



HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN JAMES AUDUBON LIVED, WEST 155th STREET.



HOUSE IN WHICH SAMUEL F. B. MORSE LIVED, 5 WEST 22D STREET.

his daughters lived for many years, and in an upper room in this house he wrote his *History of the American Conflict* and did other notable work. The house at 10 Washington Place, in which Commodore Vanderbilt lived a score of years, and in which he died, was replaced a few years ago by a warehouse, and a similar fate has befallen the last home of the first John Jacob Astor, at 37 Lafayette Place. In Depau Row, in West Bleecker Street, stood until a few months ago a dilapidated house in which A. T. Stewart lived for many years, before he built the marble pile which is now the home of the Manhattan Club. The old house of Peter Cooper is still standing, at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue. It stood, when first built, on the present site of Cooper Institute. William M. Tweed, in the early days of his remarkable career, lived at 197 Henry Street, moving from there to 511 Fifth Avenue, from which he made his sensational escape. An earlier home of Tweed was 193 Madison Street.

The brownstone house at 5 West Twenty-second Street was for a long time the city home of Samuel F. B. Morse. Here he lived for many years after the invention of the telegraph brought him wealth and fame, and here he died on April 2, 1872. A modest house at 36 Beach Street was for nearly forty years the home of John Ericsson, and in this house the great engineer breathed his last on March 8, 1889. Here the *Monitor* and many other famous inventions were designed and perfected. The house is now used as an industrial school, where the children of emigrants are given a training that in future years will make them useful and patriotic citizens—a fitting and worthy mission for the old home of one of the greatest of the adopted sons of the republic.

The house at 173 Hudson Street, long owned and occupied by William E. Burton, gave way a few years ago to a business structure, and tenement-houses have replaced the early homes of Lester and James W. Wallack at 12½ and 151 Crosby Street. However, the house at 436 West Twenty-second Street, in which Edwin Forrest once lived, stands very much as he left it, even as to its interior and furniture. In this house the tragedian and his beautiful English wife, Catherine Sinclair, dwelt for several years, holding receptions at which William Cullen Bryant, Parke Godwin, N. P. Willis, and other notable men were frequent guests; and here occurred the sudden, mysterious quarrel, of which no one has ever been able to discover the real cause, and which ended in the famous Forrest divorce suit, that first made the fame of the late Charles O'Conor. It is a wide-fronted dwelling of brick, two stories and a basement, with a Mansard roof that is really a third story. The entrance is by a broad stone staircase, set near the centre of the front. When Forrest bought the property it had a big garden in the rear, which is still there, fenced about with ornamental walls of wood, decked in these latter days with a profusion of trailing vines and greenery. Tradition has it that the actor bought the place of a wealthy Englishman, who built it seventy years ago as the exact counterpart of the English home of his wife, designing to thus cure the homesickness to which the latter had fallen a victim.

It has been the home for many years past of a wealthy retired merchant, who, with a love for bric-à-brac and ample means for its gratification, has gathered there one of the choice art collections of the town, and made it a storehouse literally overflowing with things as costly and curious as they are beautiful. Every inch of wall in the house is covered with art ornaments, and the old-fashioned spiral staircase, so often referred to by witnesses in the famous divorce trial, is decked with rugs and other trimmings.

A fortune has been expended on ivory carvings, displayed in cabinets of Louis XV.'s time, and there are rare old bronzes, queer andirons, and costly porcelains. Richly embroidered chairs from the castle at Fontainebleau are grouped around the open fireplace, and the north wall of the reception-parlor is crowded with fine old miniatures. On the eastern wall are two photographs in oval silver frames. They are portraits of Forrest and his wife. The actor's face has an amiable expression not found in his other photographs. The owner spent years in patient search before he secured the photograph of Mrs. Forrest, which represents her in her youth, when her beauty of face was famous. Timepieces of bygone times, including both clocks and watches, are hung on the southern wall, over a satin-lined case filled with lotus-leaf carvings in ivory.

A noteworthy feature of the dining-room is a tall cabinet, containing a complete dinner service, which Louis Philippe once used at the Tuileries, and which bears the royal crest. Old silver fills other cabinets in the hallway outside, and oil-paintings, antique swords, and ancient armor cover the walls of the spiral stairway from floor to ceiling. When the owner could no longer find room for his treasures in the house itself he went out to the porch and the garden beyond. He put things among the plants and flowers, and filled the porch with armor, lamps, lanterns, panels, wood-carvings, and rare rugs. In this porch Forrest used to sit on summer evenings, and sip, in the intervals of pleasant familiar talk, the delicious mint-juleps that his wife brewed for him and his friends, and of which he was very fond. Mint-juleps were then just coming into favor, and Mrs. Forrest had reduced the mixing of them to a fine art. Books are stored on the second floor of the house, where Forrest had his library; and the top story, where the tragedian had his wardrobe and dressing-room, has become a bachelor's den and library, where the present owner's son passes his leisure hours. All in all, the old home of Forrest is a curiously beautiful house, made interesting not alone by past associations, but also by the patient zeal and enlightened taste which have wrought its present adornment.

There are few reminders in brick and mortar or wood of the literary New York of half a century ago, but among them are the house Washington Irving built for his New York residence, and the Poe cottage at Fordham. The first named stands on the southwest corner of Irving Place and East Seventeenth Street—a low-browed brick structure, looking as sturdy and strong as any of its more youthful neighbors. It was built for the great writer, and became the centre of a little family settlement, from which Irving Place took its name. It fronts on Irving Place, but can be entered only from Seventeenth Street. Irving would not permit a door and steps in front, for he loved to sit in the big room that in his day occupied the entire ground story of the house and to gaze through ample windows down the hill, at the East River, filled with craft bound to and from the Sound. This was Irving's favorite room. Here he wrote, drank, and sat on long winter evenings before the great fireplace, with his pipe and his thoughts for company. The house had, besides this big room, three sleeping-rooms upstairs, of which the front one was the author's, and in the basement a tiny kitchen and a good-sized dining-room. Before the front windows on Irving Place hangs an iron balcony, and this, on those rare summer evenings when he was in New York, was his favorite seat. Most of the pleasant summer days he passed, even while New York was his main place of residence, along the shores of the Hudson or in the Catskills. His occupancy of the house ended not long after his return from Spain, where he had filled the post of American minister; but the building remained the property of the Irving family for many years.

A few minutes' walk from the railroad station at Fordham, forty years ago a quiet country village, but now fast becoming a part of the Greater New York, stands the cottage in which Edgar Allan Poe passed the last and beyond doubt the most peaceful years of his feverish life. It is a simple affair, built more than seventy years ago, long, low, and box-shaped. The sides, as well as the roof, are shingled. A broad porch shades the entrance, and near by grows a vigorous cherry-tree planted by Poe in 1847, and which rarely fails to bring out a full crop of fruit. On the lower floor of the cottage there are two large square rooms and a kitchen. The middle room was used by Poe as a dining and sitting room, and here he received his visitors, until his wife became ill. She then occupied the front room as a bedroom, and it was there she died. The second floor has three low-ceilinged rooms, and the front room, which was the same size as the one below, was, it is said, Poe's favorite room. An old-fashioned brick chimney runs up through the roof, and has an open fireplace, where a cheerful fire can blaze and crackle in winter. In this room "Ullalume" and "Eureka," two of his best known poems, were written. Poe rented the cottage in the spring of 1846, and went with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, to live there. His wife, Virginia, was then suffering from consumption. She rallied for a time, but soon again began to fail, and died in the following year. The grounds about the cottage comprise about two acres, and slope away into a grassy shady hollow. A ledge of rocks overlooks the cliff and the valley below. To the east the view stretches into Connecticut, and over the Sound to the hills of Long Island, blue and shadowy in the distance. Here Poe spent the quietest and happiest days of his life. His expenses were small, and his duties only such as he cared to assume. He took long walks, often going to the city on foot, and his labors were lightened by visits from friends and admirers. But the end came all too soon. A few months after the death of his wife Poe set out on his fatal trip to Baltimore, and a fortnight later silence had fallen upon one of the strangest geniuses of his time.

Audubon, the ornithologist, after an adventurous career that had led him over half the world, in 1841, at the age of sixty, bought the property now known as Audubon Park. It consisted of forty-four acres, all heavily wooded, and at that time was almost as remote from the city as a lodge in the Catskills. Here he built his house, his nearest neighbor being Madame Jumel. The naturalist took with him a colony of workmen—carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons—and houses were built in the woods for their shelter while the manor-house went up. Fifty years ago the journey to New York was by no means an easy one, and Audubon raised his own vegetables, and at one time killed his own meat. The Audubon mansion was the scene of the final triumph of S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. In 1843, when Morse was setting up his first line of telegraph between Philadelphia and New York, its New Jersey terminus was at Fort Lee, opposite Audubon Park. The wire and instruments were carried across the river in a row-boat, and the instrument set up in the laundry of the mansion. From this old room, in which there has been no change in half a century, the first telegraph message ever sent from Manhattan Island was flashed across the wire to Philadelphia, recording the success of the experiment. It was sent in the presence of Morse, Audubon, and the latter's family. Between 1843 and 1845 Audubon was absent in the West. Soon after his return from this trip his health gave way, he being first afflicted with a loss of memory. He spent hours in endeavoring to paint, and would burst into tears to find that his efforts were in vain. He had broken his right arm in his youth by a fall from a horse, and had taught himself to paint equally well with either hand, but in this strait both hands had lost their cunning. In 1847 his bedchamber was moved down stairs, adjoining his old painting-room, and there he died, in February, 1851. The old manor-house was sold by his widow in 1864, and was bought by the late Jesse W. Benedict, being later conveyed by his family to William Kramer. It has been much changed since it passed from the possession of the Audubon family. A Mansard roof has been added, and bow-windows extended from the front and rear sides. The basement, however, and the first floor, have been little altered since the house was built.

A quaint old house, built in 1799, overlooks the East River from a high terrace on East Sixty-first Street. Ninety years ago there stood along the upper eastern shore a line of fine homesteads, owned by men prominent in the early history of the city. This old house is the last relic of its line. Its builder, Captain Smith, son-in-law of President John Adams, had acquired wealth in trade, and designed the house as a present for his wife.

Accordingly, no expense was spared in the building. Close at hand a stable was commenced, but, when the walls were up and a roof on, Smith failed. The house and stable were sold separately, and passed into different hands. The stable became the property of a man named Hart, who, recognizing the desirability of the situation for a road-house, built above the old walls the house which is still standing, and which has ever since been known as "Smith's Folly." The house, which in Hart's time must have formed an important stopping-place, consists of two wings and a connecting hall, and is quaint to an unusual degree. Its general style of architecture is colonial. Heavy columns support the second, which is also the main, story, and you enter by a doorway flanked on either side by windows, whose tiny panes light a hallway which might have been modelled from sketches by Pyle and Parsons. Ancient nail-studded chests are scattered about, and in one corner a short banistered stairway leads up to a roomy hall, where candelabra of antique pattern, spindle-legged chairs and tables, and antiquities and ancient ware of all sorts, some acquired, some made with the house, contribute to the pleasing consistency of the place.

The old house is especially rich in portraits, and in the hall just mentioned there is hardly a foot of wall space not covered with the original or a copy of some famous work of art. There are a genuine Raphael Sanzio, several Vandycks, one or two Rembrandts, a Tintoretto, a Rubens, a Murillo, and a Claude Lorraine. The most notable of these is the Raphael—a head of Christ crowned with thorns. Among those who visited Smith's Folly in its road-house days was Jerimal Towle, who, struck by its quaint architecture, bought it when Hart died, and made it his home. It was Mr. Towle who gathered the paintings which now lend added interest to the place. Mr. Towle bought the house in 1834, and it has remained in his family ever since. It is now occupied by his two daughters, who seek to carry out their father's wishes in the preservation of the old place. Here they dwell, well out of the beaten track, but carrying with them delightful recollections of early times, which serve to add zest and pleasure to the quest of any searcher after historic New York houses.

IN AFTER-YEARS.

Shall it be said by men in after-years
  That we who boast of our enlightenment
  To base gods bowed us, and the proud knee bent
Before the altars that Dishonor rears?
Shall it be said, with mockery and sneers,
  That we were mad of brain or impotent,
  Led by unreason, shamefully content
To stand with nations lower than our peers?

Shall History write us luminous and large,
  A warning for all time, upon its page,
    The crowning failure of Democracy,—
We who have vaunted our unsullied targe,
  Proclaimed our land the mightiest of the age,
    Hope of the race and home of Liberty?

Clinton Scollard.

THE BOSTON SUBWAY.

The great subway in Boston, which is to carry the street cars underground through the congested district, and to relieve the intolerable pressure upon street traffic, has now been under construction for considerably more than a year. One of the strongest forms of opposition to the undertaking was that which came from the fear that the obstruction to travel by the work of construction would be so great as to counterbalance all subsequent advantages. There were visions of the most important thoroughfares converted into vast trenches for hundreds of feet at a stretch and for months at a time, with all traffic suspended and adjacent business ruined.

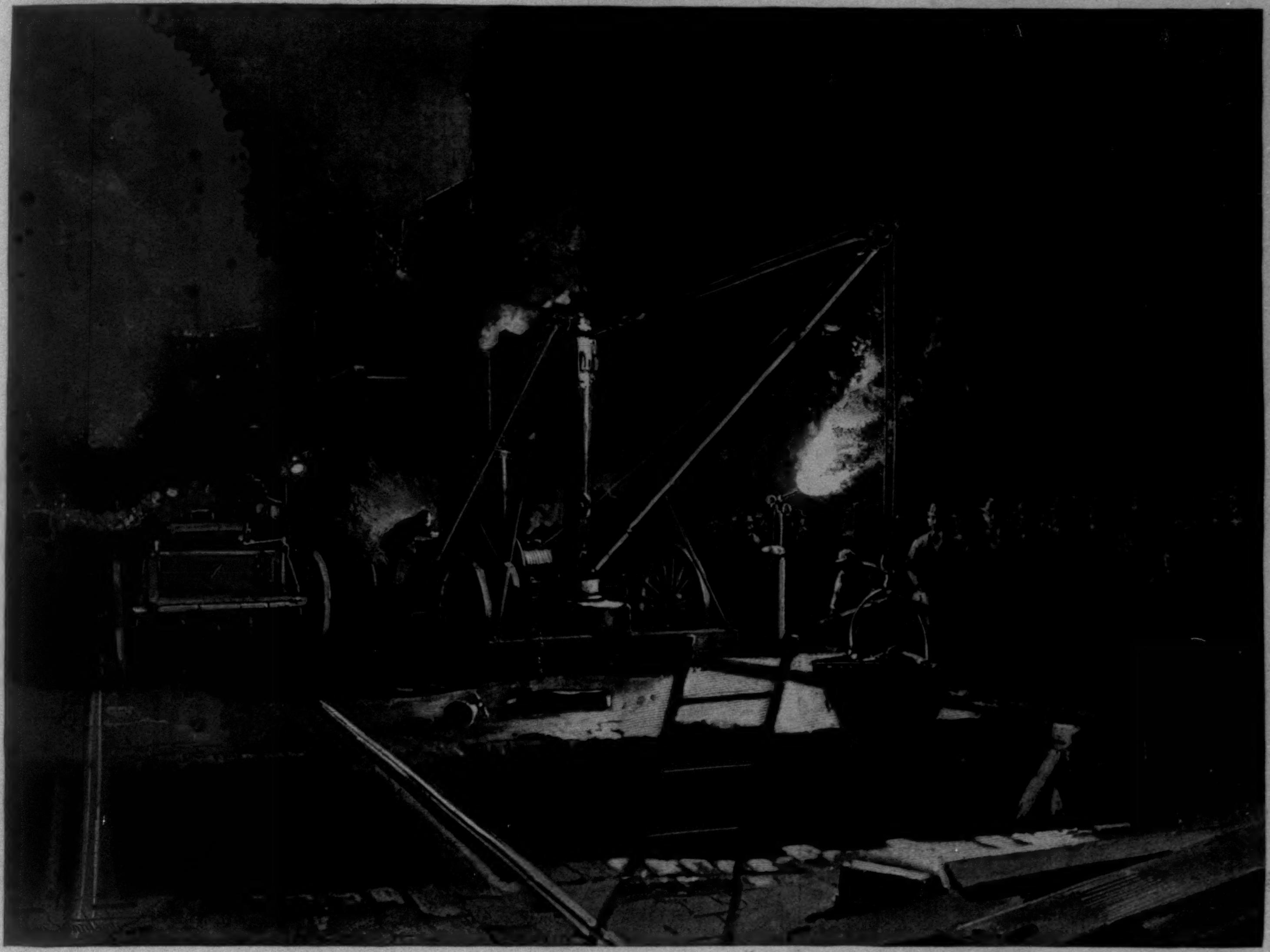
Fortunately the first sections undertaken were along the margin of the Common, where the conditions permitted the excavation to proceed with little hinderance to the general public, beyond the sorry aspect of universal upheaval presented by the historic old pleasure-ground through two summers. With puffing locomotives hauling gravel-trains over rudely improvised elevated railways, endless lines of dump-carts rattling along under the shadows of the venerable elms, and huge trenches occupying the sites of the bordering malls, the Common has apparently been subjected to the rudest of indignities. But this heroic treatment is salutary; the Common is already beginning to give evidence of enhanced beauty in various ways, and the subway will undoubtedly fulfil one of its main purposes—that of preserving forever the sacred territory from the encroachments of traffic.

The formidable look of the subway excavations along the Common, however, has apparently justified the apprehensions of those who have dreaded the beginning of the work in the streets—apprehensions which made some merchants along the route decline to renew their leases, and to remove to other parts of the city. "If the Common is thrown into such chaos, what will happen in the streets?" was asked. Many have doubtless very recently asked this question, in ignorance of the fact that work in the streets has been going on for several months. It is, indeed, quite likely that hundreds of people have passed to and fro in the street cars without a suspicion that they were traversing the scene of active subway operations.

To be sure, there are on every hand throughout the congested district evidences of something unusual going on; as manifest, for example, in the great lengths of scaffolding that roughly arcade the sidewalks here and there. But this is little more than is seen in connection with such common occurrences as the construction of sewers, or the laying of gas or water mains. And ordinary traffic has proceeded above the construction of entire sections of the subway from start to completion, with not a tithe of the interruption that work on sewers, gas or water mains, invariably causes. For the casual observer the only hint that anything unusual was going on beneath the surface would come from a hollow rumbling sound, as of passing over a bridge, at various points in the street when cars and wagons passed by.

The character of the work varies according to the radically varying conditions of the different sections of the route, sometimes proceeding by open cut, sometimes by "cut and cover," and sometimes by tunnelling. The form of construction likewise varies; in places it is by post and girder, as in a modern fire-proof building, with two or four tracks; again it is entirely of masonry, forming either a broad tunnel with a double track, or two single-track tunnels side by side.

Interruption to street traffic is reduced to a minimum, and danger to high buildings through undermining their foundations is entirely averted by the adoption of a very simple and ingenious method, which has been enthusiastically commended by visiting engineering authorities. It is here practised for the first time, having been devised to meet the exigencies of the situation, and is doubtless destined to be used in all cases where similar conditions exist. It has been termed the "slice" method of construction. At intervals along a given section of the projected subway, trenches about twelve feet wide are excavated



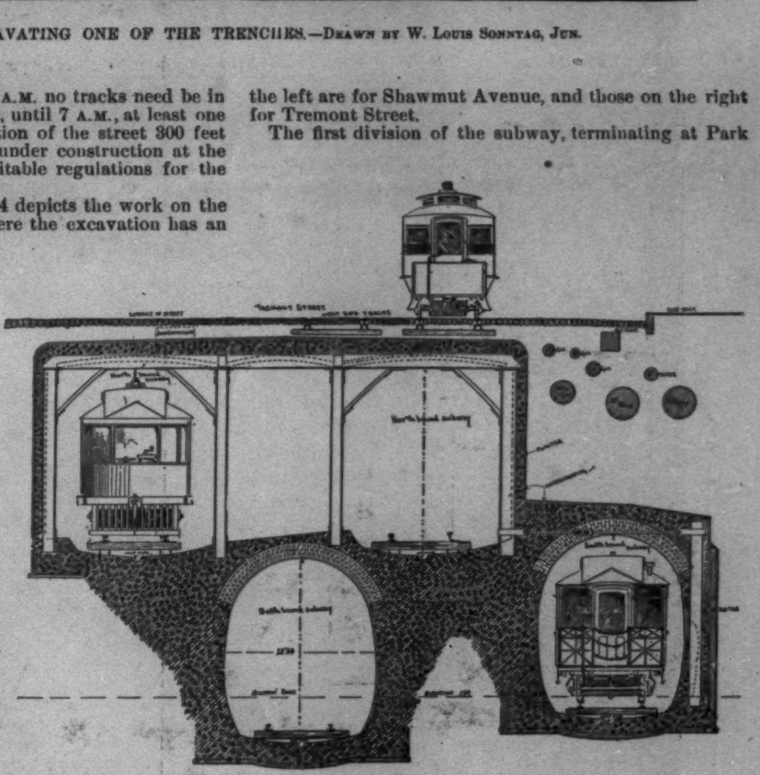
THE NEW "SLICE" METHOD IN USE ON THE BOSTON SUBWAY—EXCAVATING ONE OF THE TRENCHES.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.

across the street to a distance and depth corresponding to the size of the subway. This excavation is bridged over flush with the street pavement by strong beams and timbering. These beams are used to support the street-railway tracks as well as the ordinary traffic. The width of the excavation being only twelve feet, the water-mains, gas-pipes, etc., require but little support, and they are either left in place or gradually removed to new locations, as circumstances may demand. In the same way an excavation so narrow cannot endanger adjacent buildings to any appreciable degree, but where it extends very near the buildings it is made as much narrower than twelve feet as is practicable.

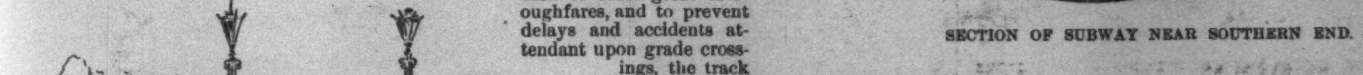
By this means a small portion or slice of the subway is completed in each trench. In due time each slice thus built is properly joined to the contiguous slices. The contractor for a given section is required to have at all times as many trenches under excavation, being filled with masonry, and being back-filled with earth above completed masonry, as is necessary for the even and steady progress of the work toward completion at the time agreed upon. The work is carried on by night as well as by day, and in localities where street traffic is great it is chiefly done at night. The earth is for the greater part removed by buckets carried upon endless cables supported on scaffolding constructed over the sidewalks at convenient places, and thus carried along to points where it may be received by carts without obstruction to ordinary traffic. To facilitate excavation the planking is removed from these bridges in degrees varying with the amount of street traffic at different hours. For instance, it is provided that on Tremont Street, between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M., two-thirds of the street shall be unobstructed and all tracks kept open for the passage of cars; from 7 P.M. to 11.30 P.M. one-third the width of the street is to be open and at least one track; from 11.30 P.M. to 6 A.M. no tracks need be in service; and for the next hour, until 7 A.M., at least one track must be open. In a section of the street 300 feet long not over 100 feet can be under construction at the same time. There are also suitable regulations for the convenience of sidewalk traffic.

The illustration on page 1104 depicts the work on the Common near Park Street, where the excavation has an extraordinary width to accommodate the important station to be located there. The diagram below represents a section of the subway at the same point. Six tracks are shown here, but the two in the centre are designed simply for the storage of cars. This station is a terminal for routes over the Boylston Street branch of the subway, as well as a stopping-place for cars to and from points to the northward and southward. Movement of cars is accelerated by means of a terminal loop. Another cut represents a section near the southern end of the subway, shortly before it comes to the surface at the junction of Tremont Street and Shawmut Avenue. For the accommodation of the routes over each of these great thoroughfares, and to prevent delays and accidents attendant upon grade crossings, the track for the south-bound Shawmut Avenue cars is carried under the track for the north-bound Tremont Street cars. The pair of upper and lower tracks on the left are for Shawmut Avenue, and those on the right for Tremont Street.

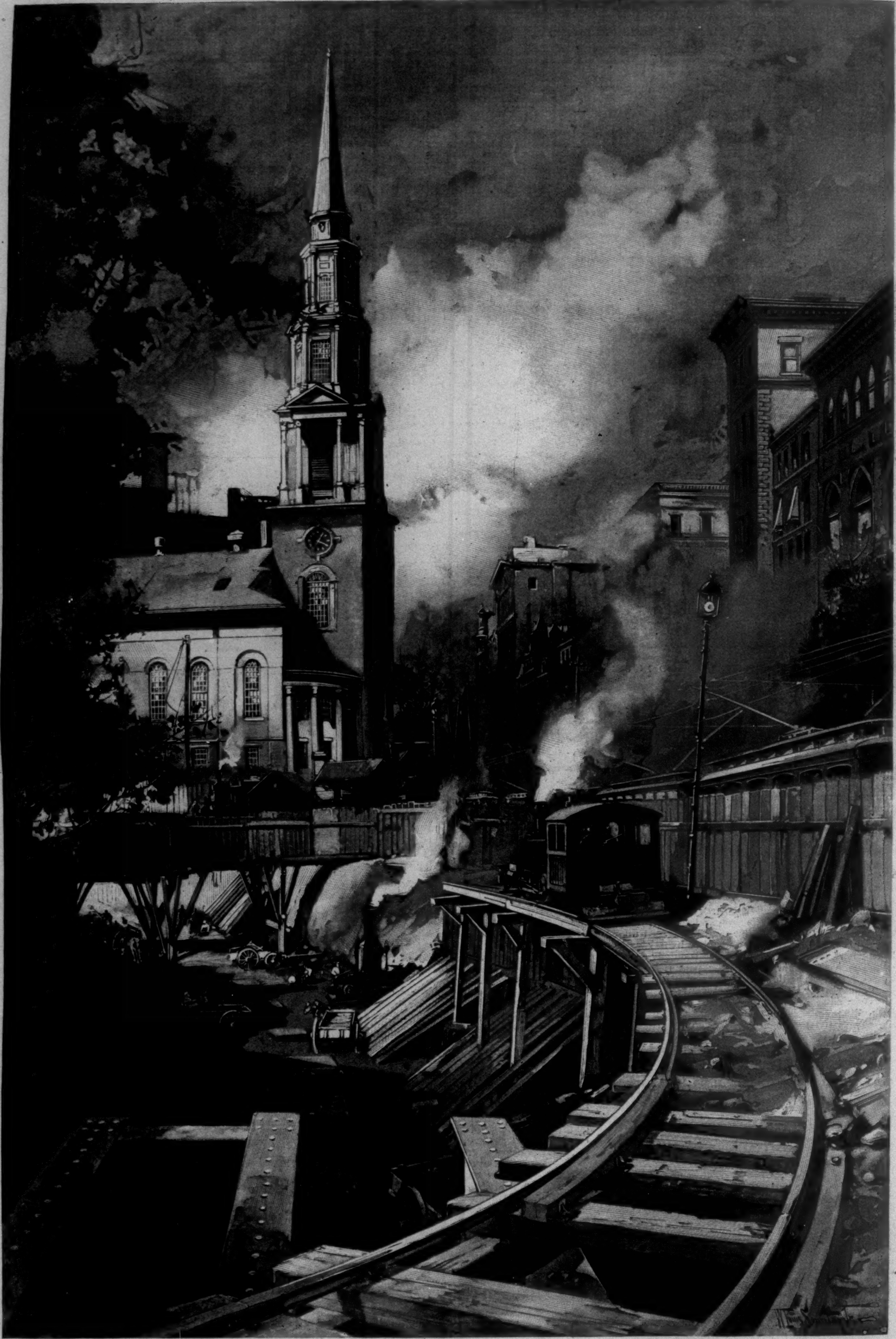
The first division of the subway, terminating at Park Street, will probably be open for traffic early in the coming year, and the entire work finished by the end of the year. All surface tracks are to be removed from Tremont Street north of Boylston Street. Although constructed by the city, the interest and sinking-fund charges on the outlay will be met by rentals from the street-railway company and other interests utilizing the work, so that in reality the undertaking will not cost the municipality a dollar.



SECTION OF SUBWAY NEAR SOUTHERN END.

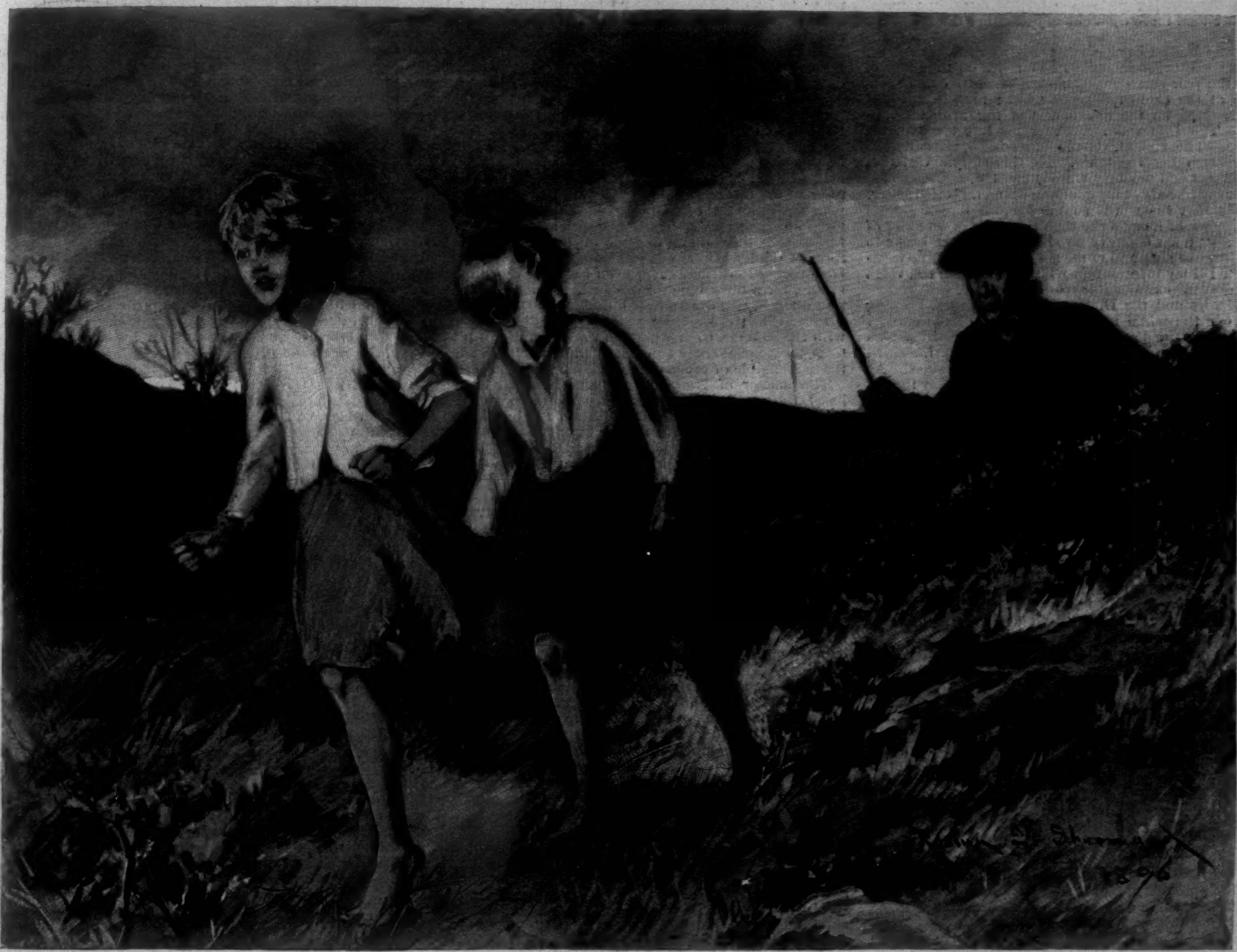


SECTION OF SUBWAY SHOWING STATION AND TRACKS, BOSTON COMMON.



PUTTING STREET CARS UNDERGROUND IN BOSTON—EXCAVATING ON THE COMMON FOR THE NEW SUBWAY.

LOOKING NORTH ON TREMONT STREET SHOWING PARK STREET CHURCH.—DRAWN BY LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 1102.]



LADS' LOVE.

AN IDYL OF THE LANDS OF HEATHER.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY MAN," "THE RAIDERS," "THE LILAC SUN-BONNET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

RAB AN'ERSON, LAZY TAED.

"SAW ye ocht o' Rab An'erson, lazy taed*? Saw ye ocht o' Rab An'erson, lazy taed?"

It was the keen, thin, wire drawn voice of Peter Chrystie, farmer of Nether Neuk, which rose and fell over the ploughed fields and the pasture lands with a rasping screech in it for all the world like a wagon wheel crying out for its rations of grease. Peter was known throughout all the parish of Whinnyliggate as a "character." And in our part of the country this ambiguous appellation, when pronounced with a little downward nod of the head, generally meant that the person so distinguished would, to say the least of it, bear watching—especially in affairs pecuniary as between man and man.

There was no doubt whatever that Peter was a keen hand at a bargain. His whole features changed as soon as he scented his prey, and it was with an unction little less than religious that he would say to a crony upon market-days: "Hech, sirs, this is dry wark! Come awa' into the Blue Bell and thresh it oot ower a gill o' Betty Logan's best!"

And in the kirkyard, when the irregular but all-powerful weekly parish council was assembled to settle the affairs of the universe, there was no kirk-attendant more remarkable for the consistent worldliness of his conversation, nor more impressive in the solemn sense of responsibility conveyed to all beholders by his well-creased "blacks," than Peter Chrystie of Nether Neuk. For Peter was an elder. That is to say, he "offeeshiated" every Sabbath with "the ladle" at the close of the sermon. All his duties as an ecclesiastical dignitary were summed up and closed in that. The "ladle" was a square box fixed at the end of a long pole, which was protruded beneath the nose of every worshipper in Whinnyliggate kirk, in order to induce him to "contribute to the funds for the behoof of the poor of the parish."

When Peter thus "offeeshiated" he used to take a special delight in rattling the bottom of the contribution-box as he pushed it along the book-boards of all "puir gi'ers." Nevertheless, he had, even in these solemn circumstances and when thus engaged in stimulating Christian benevolence throughout the parish, a singularly clear and cool eye to the main chance.

So intent was the farmer upon his "troking" and "trafficking" that he has been known to lean across from the "aisle" as he passed a fellow-elder similarly occupied in collecting the coppers from the "arrie," or centre of the kirk. With a face as grave and solemn as a Cameronian communion, he would say "I'll tak' twa-an' twunty for thae yowes, an' deil a fardin' less. Sae I'm tellin' ye, Barnboard!"

Barnboard is my authority for this. He told my father, Saunders McQuhirr of Drumquhat, and my father told me. So the matter is neither "he said" nor "she said," but just plain fact.

Barnboard's own version of his reply is that he said, "I wonder at ye, Nether Neuk, profanin' the hoose o' God and the Sabbath-day wi' your sheep-dealin' and nifferin'!"

A less highly moral, but intrinsically much more probable version is that Barnboard replied: "*Twunty-wan*, I'll bid ye, Neuk, an' a hanged sicht ower dear!" For all that, certain it is that Barnboard bought the yowes, and that the price was two-and-twenty shillings sterling. The purchaser justly thought the price was "ower the score," and he told the story of the bargain across the kirk aisle to be upsides with Peter Chrystie.

When Peter heard of it, he remarked that Barnboard's story was an unqualified falsehood. This is not the exact text of his remarks, but, as one might say, the gist only. A verbatim report has (happily) failed to come down to us.

It was this Peter Chrystie of Nether Neuk, elder of the kirk on Sundays and practical materialist during the week, who was now seeking his "orra man" through all the intricacies of the farmsteading and out-buildings of Nether Neuk. Rab An'erson, dyker, herd, poacher, had been warned out of the exceedingly limited premises which he still occupied by the side of the Lang Wood of Larbrax as many as twenty times. He had been dismissed with ignominy from the service of Peter Chrystie every lawful day since he entered it—twelve years ago. And generally twice every Sunday.

Nevertheless, Rab An'erson still remained both in the dirty cot-house by the Lang Wood, and eke in the service of Peter Chrystie. Indeed, he had not been turned out of his dwelling because there was good reason for believing that no other beings of the human species would have consented to occupy it after him.

A ploughman who had been engaged by Peter at the Rood Fair of Cairn Edward came to examine the house before bringing his family. He looked just once at Rab An'erson's dominions, sniffed its mingled attar of chickens and children, and then made one remark. It was a remark with some pith in it. Peter Chrystie was standing by his elbow and had the benefit of it.

"Ye ask me to bring my wife an' bairns into the like o' that," said the Crossmichael ploughman. "Man, I didna marry a soo!"

And throwing Peter's shilling of "arles" in his astonished face, the undaunted ploughman took a bee-line for the ferry by the kirk-knowe of Balmaghie, back to a land where a working-man was at least decently housed. Peter was so astonished that he had not even the presence of mind to threaten the man from Crossmichael with the Sheriff Court for breaking his bargain—an omission which he bitterly regretted.

So in the absence of any other tenant Rab An'erson staid on in the cot-house. His two ragged children, a boy and a girl, came daily to the back door of the farm-house of Nether Neuk to receive the platefuls of stray provisions which Peter's second wife, Clemmy Kilpatrick, hid for them, and slipped to them under her apron when her lord and master was safely out of the way.

Peter had married Clemmy when she was a strong, rosy-cheeked byre-lass, and at a time when his three handsome daughters were but tow-headed girls skelping bare-legged about the fields of Nether Neuk. But a byre-lass Clemmy remained, and though she could lawfully claim bed and board, in practice she never asked more than the former. Once a month or so Clemmy would make a pretence of taking breakfast with Peter and his daughters, Nance, Grace, and the Hempie. But it was only as one might say a Claim of Right, and before the meal was half over Clemmy would vanish again to the kitchen parts with a sigh of relief, and for the rest of the month be happy to take her meals there along with the hired lasses and lads in that wide equitable republic to which she had been born, and the free speech of which was so much cheerier anyway than the elegances of the "ben-room." Nance and the Hempie often wished that they could have accompanied her out of the chill proprieties of the "parlor," in which Peter read the week-before-last's newspaper, into this roistering commonwealth, of which the boundaries were the ingle neuk and the kitchen settle, and where all the latest news of the parish was announced even before it happened, while mocking laughter and gay comment rang loud and long.

"*Saw ye ocht o' Rab An'erson, lazy taed?*"

It was the voice of Peter Chrystie, which came with an angry snarl through the doorway where Clemmy was serving the Hoolet and the Deil with the best broken meats that her cupboard afforded. These two, the Hoolet and the Deil, hastened to thrust their "pieces" under their ragged coats so soon as ever they heard the first note of Peter's voice. For though the "Hoolet" was a girl of twelve and well-grown for her age, she was dressed exactly after the fashion of her brother the "Deil," save that a little above her knees there appeared an apology for a skirt, so short and unobtrusive that to the cursory glance it suggested little difference of sex. And no one, except perhaps the visiting policeman on his monthly rounds, ever cast a look more than cursory at either the Hoolet or the Deil.

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* Toad.

Presently Peter Chrystie emerged from the back door, with his head thrust forward like a hawk on the pounce. He saw the pair stand guilty and manifestly conscience-stricken at the side of his gable wall; for Clemmy had basely deserted on the first sound of her husband's approach. The Deil was scratching his left leg with his right toe. The Hoolet, on the other hand, used the left toe to scratch her right leg. By this simple variation both manners and modesty were suggested.

"Get awa' frae aboot my doors, ye limmers!" cried Peter, so shrilly that his words sounded more like a weasel squeaking out of a dry dyke than the voice of an elder of the kirk. "What mean ye by slinking up dyke-backs to see what ye can steal? Let me see ye here again, ye vagabonds, an' I'll lay information wi' the polissman the verra next time that he comes this road."

The Hoolet and the Deil promptly made off, keeping a wary eye the while upon the advance of the enemy. Peter followed them as rapidly as he was able, shaking his stick at them each time they turned round, and the shrill scrannel pipe of his anger screaming anathemas. As often as he stopped to shake his staff at them, they turned to bay behind some whin bush on the edge of the muir, or lay flat among the heather, with only a lock or two of the indiscriminate thatch of their heads visible over the two pairs of bright and watchful eyes.

But so soon as the Hoolet and the Deil made sure that Peter was indeed on his way to their paternal mansion down by the edge of the Long Wood of Larbrax, they both set off at full speed to carry the news to Rab Anderson, their father. He was a great, soft, hulking fellow, with a ruddy face of the most beautiful and manly type, broad shoulders, and noble blond beard. When his daughter came in sight of her parent he was engaged in the arduous occupation of sitting on a stone by the broken-down gate-post of the little cottage, and whittling with his knife a section of "bourtree" into a practicable whistle for presentation to one of his offspring.

"Faither, he's comin'—rin an' hide!" panted the Hoolet, who had taken her skirt under her arm in order that her limbs might have more free play in the race, and who in consequence arrived first. For as soon as the Deil saw that he was to be outdistanced, he stopped and searched about for the scanty stones on the edges of the moss to throw at his sister. For this was his idea of morality. He believed in woman keeping within her natural limitations. To pick up her skirts and outrun a male being was to break down the ancient landmarks and to trifle with the moral law. So the Deil stopped and threw all the stones he could find at his sister.

But this was mere by-play. The Deil was bound to do something in person for the paternal honor. So he slackened off and let the master of Nether Neuk come up. He fluttered and pretended lameness to encourage his pursuer, for all the world like a peesweep chased by a collie dog.

"Was't my faither ye war wantin'?" he queried, keeping carefully out of the reach of Peter Chrystie's stick.

"Aye, your faither; wha ither?" retorted Peter, trying to edge near enough to the Deil to get a good satisfactory "whang" at him. "Saw ye ocht o' Rab An'erson, lazy taed?"

He returned to his usual snarling whine at the latter words.

"Aye," said the Deil, coming so near that every moment Peter felt that he must forget himself and allow his pursuer to approach within striking distance—"aye; my faither has been up a' this mornin', ever since risin'-time, looking the sheep on the Back Hill o' Barmark."

"Ye lie, Rab's Deil!" said Peter, pleasantly, manœuvring for the upper side, while the boy finessed with subtle calculations as to the length of Peter's arm and his hazel staff taken together.

Suddenly Peter struck. It seemed an easy shot, and with nine loons out of ten it would have succeeded. But not with Rab's Deil. For that youth simply removed himself two yards farther back by some occult means which was not clear even to a close on-looker. He had been obviously within easy range. Peter's aim was accurate, his blow quick and well-timed. Yet when the hazel reached the place where a moment before the victim had stood, lo! he was not there. Instead he appeared two or three yards farther up the hill-side, with his hands on his knees, "hunkering" a little. His mouth was open, and his teeth showed at the wicks of his mouth, like those of a dog which has been kicked, and which means to take a more active part in the next act of the drama.

"Ah-ah-h-h!" remarked Rab's Deil, and it was all he said. But the tone in which he said it conveyed a whole world of contempt, defiance, resentment. An entire vocabulary of taunts could not have said more.

Peter Chrystie did not strive to recover his position. He only turned towards the door of the cot-house by the Long Wood of Larbrax. He would go in, he thought, and see if the Deil had been for once correct in the statement that his father was away herding the sheep, as was his duty, on the Back Hill of Barmark. There was, indeed, hardly any chance that Rab's Deil spoke the truth. Still, such a thing might happen once in a way, as it were by accident. So Peter Chrystie took the nearest road to the cottage, gritting his teeth with unsatisfied anger, and muttering sullenly between them: "Wait till I get ye, my man! Oh, wait till I get haud o' ye, Rab An'erson, lazy taed!"

As Nethur Neuk drew near the door of the little but-and-ben, he disturbed several broods of droopy chickens, scrawny and scraggy for the most part, whose mothers scratched for imaginary worms on mounds of loose débris which had already been turned over a thousand times in a like vain pursuit. These motherly biddies drooped their wings and hoarsely "scraiched," as at sight of a hawk, when the master of the farm approached. Two or three mongrel curs, lurchers and collies with small claim to ancestry, lumbered yelpingly out of the house, or stood erect with their front paws on the dyke, to assist in repelling the enemy. But it was the Hoolet who stood most manfully in the breach.

"My faither is no weel the day," she said, standing with arms akimbo in the doorway; "he got a sair income in his side this mornin' on the hill, and he had to come hame and tak' to his bed."

"Humph!" said Peter, unbelievingly; "let me see him."

"He's verra poorly," persisted the loyal Hoolet; "he's no fit to be up. Ye micht no mak' a noise. The Deil and me gaed oot o' the hoose to let him hae some peace and quietness."

And so eager did the girl become that she actually took Peter by the edge of his coat sleeve to keep him back, if only for a moment, that her father might have time to complete his dispositions.

"Let go o' my coat, ye besom," cried the angry elder; "the deil's in the lassie—"

"Na, na," said the Hoolet, eagerly; "it's no me that he's in—it's my brither."

But Peter Chrystie was by this time within the kitchen-room of the little cot-house. He went straight to the bed, which, with its solid four-posted bulk (a remnant of a better time when Rab An'erson had espoused a wife "with furniture"), filled up all one end of the room. The huge form of the temporarily invalided shepherd lay stretched from corner to corner. Not even his head was distinctly visible, for a dirty blue quilt, which had once had a pattern upon it, was drawn over all.

Peter Chrystie wasted no words. He did not condole with the sufferer, from whom, in the extremity of his distress, most melancholy sounds, intended to be as suggestive as possible of groans of pain, continually proceeded.

The master of Nether Neuk simply lifted his stout hazel rung and brought it down on the swollen and shapeless form which lay stretched on the bed. And as he laid on heartily, with all the strength of his willing arm, like a thresher on sheaves in a barn, he accompanied the exercise with appropriate excogitations.

"Ye great muckle fushionless sumph [*whack!*], tak' that [*whack!*]—and that [*thump! thump!*]—lyin' hulkin' there in your naked bed while ither folk are doin' your wark! D'ye think I hae nocht better to do, wi' a' this great farmtoon dependin' on me, than to be threshin' your lazy, guid-for-naething banes at eleven o'clock in the day [*whack! thump!*]. I'll learn ye to pretend ye hae an income in your side [*thump! thump!*], ye thrawn-faced, slack-twisted, muckle haythen ye!"

But at this point Peter, by means of trial pokes with his unoccupied arm, discovered that he had been harmlessly expending all the pith and smeddum of his blows upon a certain judiciously arranged bolster, which Rab had accommodated to the ridges of his person at the points most liable to attack. Whereupon Rab's master, with a quick jerk of his hand, removed the bolster to the ground. His very next attempt got home.

"Ye menseless muckle hound!" so the lecture proceeded, the stout hazel valiantly scoring the logical sequences.

"Ow, ow!" (*Whack!*) "Maister, mercy, mercy! I'm no weel."

"I'll learn ye to sup sorrow wi' a horn spune, ye deil's birkie, howkin' here atween the bedclaes, when your yowes are faain' aval amang the ditches and your hoggs whammelin' in the black hags by the score!"

"Ow, ow, ow!—maister, hae dune, hae patience! I'm a deein' man!"

"I hae dune wi' the like o' you, Rab An'erson. Ye are aneuch to break the heart o' Job himsel'. Faith, it was easy for him to bide and be thankfu', wi' a comfortable midden to scart himsel' on, and the pat-stick to do it wi'! He never had the like o' you to break his heart, ye thievin' sorrow. Patience—I'll no hae patience till I hae broken every bane in your great lazy calf's body!"

CHAPTER II.

THE NETHER NEUK LASSES.

When at last Rab An'erson was started by his master on a new career of diligence and probity (which lasted precisely so long as he was within range of Peering Peter's single-barrelled opera-glass), he took the line of the hill-dyke, with his dogs after him, striding onward in the most businesslike way. But, sad to relate, so soon as he had reached the other side he plumped down, pulled the knife and the "bourtree" branch out of his pocket, and fell to work as before, improving and finishing the whistle which was destined to enliven the leisure of the Deil.

Here Rab sat contentedly till the afternoon was pretty well advanced. Then he went cowering down by the dyke-side till he came to the edge of the Hill of Barmark, over whose heathery expanse the sheep which ought to have been his charge were scattered. He sent one of his dogs scouring round the outliers of the flock, and having made sure that no very large proportion of the animals could have wandered or been destroyed since his last visit, Rab came down the hill again towards the gate of Nether Neuk with the wearied air of one who has been out all day upon the heather in the painful pursuit of duty.

"Hae ye ocht to eat, Clemmy?" he asked at the back door, having first assured himself that his master was not in the neighborhood.

"I'm some dootfu' that there's nocht left, Rab," said the nominal mistress of Nether Neuk, who was under a fear that Peter might come on the scene at any moment, having already escaped one sufficient peril that morning when she got the Hoolet and the Deil away from the door without her lord seeing the provender concealed under their ragged coats.

"Nonsense," cried a brisk voice from the inner kitchen; "of course there's a plenty o' guid broth in the pot. Come ben, Rab, and hae a platefu', and if my faither says a word, I'll daud his lugs for him."

And with these brave words there entered upon the scene Nance Chrystie, the eldest of the three daughters of Peering Peter. The Nether Neuk lasses—my heart is not yet so old but it beats at the words. For in those days the Nether Neuk lasses were the joy and the pride of the parish, the toast of every bachelor, the mark of every eye, envious or admiring, according to sex and age, at the kirk door. In short, they were the three tricksome Graces of Whinnyliggate. In those days I was but the eldest son of the farm-house of Drumquhat. And I can vouch for the fact that it was no easy matter to be the son and heir of Saunders and Mary McQuhirr of Drumquhat. But, nevertheless, aided by good health, a sound digestion, and an excellent conceit of myself, I did not demean myself so very ill even in such an arduous situation as that of eldest hope of a Cameronian elder. I had been also one year at the College of Edinburgh, which perhaps helped materially so far as the conceit went.

It was my custom to go up every week to see the Nether Neuk lasses. This, in fact, was a practice somewhat common in the parish. And though I was the youngest swain on the muster-roll, I had not the least idea of being behindhand at the end of the day. But I do admit that my wooing was not encouraged by Peter. For the canny old fox had a very shrewd idea that he would have no difficulty in marrying his three bonny, blythe, and exceedingly well-tochered daughters. So in the mean time, and till the best of all possible matches should come along, it was his intention that Nance and Grace should remain in their several situations of housekeeper and cheese-maker to the farm town of Nether Neuk. As for the Hempie, she was "but a lassie," and in her father's eyes at least did not count. In mine, however, she did, to begin with at all events.

It was Nance Chrystie, therefore, who now came into the kitchen of Nether Neuk, and whose bright imperiousness turned the scale in favor of the "lazy taed." For though Peter Chrystie ruled all others on his dominions with a rod of iron, his three daughters generally got their own way within-doors. The one thing that their father was firm as adamant about was that no braw wooers should be encouraged to come up the lang glen—at least not without his sanction and good-will.

So Peter barred the way with his shot-gun, if he so much as heard of any birkies coming in the gloaming over the lea with intent to "see the lasses." And he admitted to the sacred "parlor" only the laird of Butterhole and the laird of Sourdubs—two bien householders of about his own age, with bald heads and circumferences as comfortable as their circumstances. But Peter, without knowing it, made his three lasses the most popular young women in the country-side. Possibly they might have been that without his interference, for they were both wondrous blythe and wondrous bonny. But the difficulty of arranging a tryst with the Nether Neuk lasses, and the certainty of difficulty with their father in the event of a discovery, stirred the soul of every bold bachelor within ten miles with all the emulation of a knightly quest.

Often it had been my fate to accompany the pick of the knight-errantry of Whinnyliggate on such quests; for though Nance was about my own age, she had become a reigning belle, while I was but a halfling boy. There was, for instance, Allan Herd, the eldest son and heir of Herd of Herbishaw, a youth of fine athletic build and much caution in affairs of the heart. He had been for some time deeply (if temporarily) attached to Nance, whose scornful and often broken promise to meet him at the corner of the orchard had not yet been fulfilled. Then, as it was unsafe to attempt the bold enterprise of Nether Neuk without re-enforcements, Allan took with him also Matthew Kerr, the second son of the laird of Killogie Baster, a youth who was expecting his father to put him into a farm of his own at the coming Whit-Sunday term. As I was but a lad of twenty, home from college, and wholly without intentions, either of serious love or practical matrimony, I was but little counted on. Nevertheless, there was always the Hempie left for me. And that heavy-handed and free-spoken young lady was nothing loath to take a walk to the Wishing Well, at the loaning end, with me during the time that her sisters Nance and Grace were entertaining their lovers of the evening at their several corners of the orchard—and no trespassing. I was not seriously concerned in the matter, though I envied Allan Herd more than a little. For Nance was the bonniest of the three, and though I was too young for her to notice among so many bearded men, that fact did not prevent me from following her a little wistfully with my eyes.

It will easily be believed that every man, woman, and child about the farm-town of Nether Neuk was perfectly aware of the evening amusements of the Nether Neuk lasses. But such was the fellow-feeling of the neighborhood for the prosecution of the divine passion under difficulties, so universal the cut of "the canny hour at e'en," that not a whisper came to enlighten the mind of Peter Chrystie. So he sat composedly in the "room" and sipped his toddy with the "guardevin" at his elbow, and the lairds of Sourdubs and Butterhole sitting opposite him, looking complacently over their stomachs, like great red-gilled sparrows out of their nests in the eaves.

"Whaur's Nance?" Peter would suddenly call at the pitch of his voice to Clemmy, his wife, who was clattering pans in the kitchen, in the final throes of cleaning up for the night.

"Can ye no answer me, woman?" he would shout, yet louder. "Did ye no hear me speerin' whaur the lasses are?"

"What's your wull, guidman?" the mistress of Nether Neuk would inquire at the door, with the most innocent face in the world. "Oh, the lasses, said ye—puir things, they are no through yet wi' their wark in the dairy. And as it's getting gye near the darkenin', dootless they are keepin' yin anither company. For as ye ken, young things are a' easy scared in the gloaming at bogles an' siclike!"

"Weel," said Peter, "gang your ways oot to them and tell Nance and Grace to come ben to entertain their lairdship. An' bid the Hempie gang to her bed this very minute."

"Deed, guidman, and I'll do that," his wife would reply, obediently, and then return to the kitchen as silently as she came.

But unless the summons was made for the third or fourth time, Clemmy did not go the length of the dairy to inquire. Not till Peter, being stirred to wrath by the continued non-appearance of his daughters, had started to his feet and declared that he would himself go and fetch them, would the loyal Clemmy hasten to break in upon the somewhat tart sweetness of Love's young dream, as it was being dreamed at the corners of the orchard by Nance and Grace Chrystie. The Hempie and I at the Wishing Well did not count. For we sat on opposite sides of it and threw stones and turf at one another—threw them to hurt too. This was because we despised love, or at least the silly kind which requires the sheltered and sequestered corners of orchards for its manifestation.

"Lasses," at last came Clemmy's voice from the byre-end, "ye had better be comin' your ways in. Your faither is on foot, an' there's no sayin' when he may tak' it into his head to wander doon by the orchard."

This information was delivered, as one might say, "at large." For Clemmy could see no living being through the dense leafage of the plum and "gean" trees, which, together with the nearer ricks in the stack-yard, hid Nance and Grace from hostile observation. As for the Hempie, she had pulled me down under the shelter of the wall at the first alarm.

"Wheesh, Alec," she said in my ear, "it's only Nance and Grace that are to gang in to entertain auld Soordubs and Butterhole. They dinna want me."

But at this moment Nance, who was not in the best of humors at having to depart so inopportunely, cried out: "Hempie, ye are to come your ways in this minute. Mind, I ken where ye are and wha it is that's wi' ye. So ye had better be in your bed before I send my faither to ye."

"The besom!" said Hempie, bitterly, putting out her lip and stamping her foot in the shelter of the hay-stack. "I'll be even wi' her for that. Because she has to gang and flairdie auld Bald-heided Dick, and Grace has to sit mim in the corner wi' gleyed Robin o' Soordubs, I, forsooth, am to come in and gang to my bed like as if I was a bairn playin' at 'Steal the Bonnets.' I ken brawly what it is. It's a' because ye've been at the college and Nance wants ye when she gets tired o' Allan."

And the Hempie showed unmistakable tokens of letting the tear doonfa', so that in my inexperience I endeavored to comfort her by the methods usually approven in such circumstances. But I might have known better. For the Hempie promptly took me a ringing clout on the side of the head.

"Keep your distance, Alec, my man! Kissing is a' verra weel for Nance and Grace, that are silly craiturs and inclined to be daft aboot men. But I wad hae ye mind that I am no yin o' that kind, especially when ye like Nance better than me."

I had the good judgment within me to be silent.

"But I'll be even wi' the pair o' them, grown-up though they think themsel's."

At this point a plan came into my head which made me ripple with inward laughter. I thought I saw my way to avenge myself upon everybody concerned—upon the Hempie for the blow with which my ear still tingled, upon Nance and Grace for interrupting my tryst, all for spite because they had to go in themselves, and a way also to make Allan Herd and Matthew Kerr most frantically jealous.

"Hempie," said I, catching her by the arm, "see here, do ye want to pay back Nance and Grace for their trick?"

"Aye," said the Hempie, with great readiness, "I do that."

"Then," answered I, "leave the lang window o' the ben-room off the sneck* after the lairds are awa' and your faither is gane up to his bed."

"What are ye gaun to do wi' the lang window open?" retorted the Hempie, with a quick look of suspicion. "Sit up wi' Nance if she'll let ye, I warrant."

"Oh," said I, ignoring her unjust accusation, "juist to come in and sit doon on a chair, and tell Nance and Grace that I hae come to inform their faither where they were the time he thocht them oot in the dairy—and what they were doin'!"

"Did they no see you?" queried the Hempie, anxiously.

"Na, they never saw me," I asserted, with truth and candor. It is always cheering when one is lying back and forth to come on one undoubted truth which can be made serviceable. An extra emphasis on that seems to justify and verify all the rest.

The Hempie appeared to weigh the probabilities of success. She evidently admired the method by which I proposed to pay off our joint scores against Nance and Grace.

"I'll do it," she said, "if ye will swear to die and double die, if ye ever tell living soul that it was me that left the window open."

I gave the terrible oath required of me, condemning myself to instant dissolution in the event of my revealing the secret.

The Hempie's good-night consisted, as usual, of a sound smack on the cheek which made my teeth chatter. To this (also as usual) I replied by snatching up a long stick, used for pulling down the hay from the stack, and giving chase. Half-way across the close I hit the minx as hard as I could across the shoulders. But that agile young lady promptly gave a leap to the side, and the blow only descended harmlessly on her flying skirts.

"*Um*," she cried, tauntingly, making a face from the embattled fortress of the front door, "think you are Mr. Clever frae Clipcloots Castle, do ye? Man, ye are as blind as a bat, and as gleyed in the e'e as daft Robin o' Soordubs."

And in a moment more she was within the shelter of the house of Nether Neuk.

But I had not much doubt that after all she would keep her promise, and let me in at the long window after the coast was clear for my venture.

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* Latch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BRIAN BORU."

We are becoming wonted to something that a few years ago (not more than half a dozen) was reckoned a sort of impossibility—the good opera-comique, and comic opera of home talent's making, with libretto and score by either native Americans or from collaborators so associated with music in our country that Americans could have a right to feel pride in their piece. At least five instances have given us this satisfaction. We have had *Robin Hood* and *Rob Roy* from Messrs. Smith and De Koven, *The Wizard of the Nile* by Messrs. Smith and Herbert, *El Capitan* from Mr. Klein and Mr. Sousa—in each case matters that have shown us true humor and situations other than the farcical, along with a musical inventiveness and technique in touch with popular taste, but quite superior to an ordinary "popular" quality.

To this attractive group let us add *Brian Boru*, the newest of such native performances. Its three acts are the joint work of Mr. Stanislaus Stange and Mr. Julian Edwards. Their opera (subtitled "romantic") is now in its third week of prosperity at the Broadway Theatre. By-the-bye, the coincidence is noteworthy that the most successful of recent English operas over in England should be built on an Irish topic—the *Shamus O'Brien* of a well-known British composer. To that, New York can now offer a fellow-work in this local new-comer, dealing with Ireland's story not less in a whole-hearted way. Irish patriotism will stir at the mere mention of *Brian Boru*. With the textual references in *Brian Boru* to Irish aspirations and sorrows and joys Irish nerves will thrill. At the composer's discreet yet effective hints in *Brian Boru* to Hibernian lyrics almost every ear will be sympathetically alert. *Brian Boru* as a topic is as Irish as a brogue or a blackthorn or a bull.

Aside from such a racial appeal, Mr. Stange and Mr. Edwards have concocted an honest, spirited, graceful, and incidentally an amusing opera-comique. Its atmosphere refreshes us at once, as removed from everlasting Frenchiness or Spanishness or Germanness in scenes, types, and music. We meet such a piece more than half-way. The *quasi* historical basis is enough emphasized to set the opera's book apart from merely the comic. Though it trifles airily with what one of its characters, Pat O'Hara, might call the "prehisthoric histhory" of the Ould Dart, it trifles without offence. The plot may best be left in detail to the reader as auditor. Sufficient to say that the scene is Dublin and its neighborhood in the tenth century, and that the serious course of the libretto comes with the sudden infatuation of Brian Boru, the Strong-Sworded Brian, for a certain fair and false English woman, the Princess Elfrida, a hostage committed to his care until the end of a short truce with the Saxon invaders. The willowy and golden-haired and crafty Elfrida—who ought to have been in the wall-paper business, she is so very designing—makes the most of Brian's abrupt passion, thereby to gain time for re-enforcing the English troop; and likewise she contrives to lure Brian into such a listless attitude toward his country and so dangerous a personal ambush that the hero nearly comes to grief. He recovers his common-sense and authority only by the skin of his teeth. There is also a sub-plot—in fact, there are several sub-plots—including the love-affairs of a certain Pat O'Hara with a young and awesomely sportive Irish giantess. We have also the spell of a magic fiddle, given to O'Hara by fairies, whose tones shall charm away danger in the same manner as do the notes of the horn of Huon de Bordeaux, or the *campanelle* of Papageno, by making everybody within earshot dance, no matter how ready for a fight. There are elves, bards, soldiery, monks, and what not, all potent or decorative in the tale; and of its bustle and picturesqueness Mr. John E. Nash has made a pretty spectacle.

Mr. Stange's Muse now and then inclines toward anachronism; indeed she is a flippant Clio. As for Mr. Edwards's score, it is full of good things in the way of melody and harmony—neatly and firmly set down by a skilled hand. There are admirable episodes; and such a quartet as that in the second act, wherein Princess Elfrida obtains Brian's Nibelungen-like Ring (the opera every now and then drolly suggests to the eye the Wagnerian Tetralogy), will haunt the popular ear quite as acceptably as the broad finale. A capital march also merits notice; and the expected introduction of "The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls" is dramatic. The score fills the ear, without musical foolishness.

The cast of *Brian Boru* is efficient. Miss Amanda Fabris, a capable *coloratur* soprano, has transplanted herself from grand opera and such rôles as Goldmark's *Ashtaroth*, to making the most of the florid numbers bestowed by Mr. Edwards on the intriguing and warbling Elfrida. Miss Grace Golden sings with feeling, if a trifle too much of the robustious, the rôle of Erina. A word, too, is due Miss Louise Margot, as the Spirit of Ireland, for her declamation. Miss Amelia Summerville, our old friend of *Adonis*—but no, Miss Summerville may grow thinner, but never can grow old—Miss Summerville is delightful with her liveliness of presence, and that robust laugh, which would make an undertakers' bankruptcy court—or that solemnest thing on earth, a Hay-Fever Convention in the White Mountains—fairly chortle with joy. Mr. Max Eugene is a dignified and tuneful Brian Boru. Mr. Samuel Slade, a new-comer into his profession, sings excellently certain not over-grateful bass numbers, and makes O'Donovan rather a star part in energetic picturesqueness. Mr. Richard Carroll is always amusing, and redeems Pat O'Hara into an excusable excrescence on the romance of the opera. The chorus is full of fresh American voices, and it is a pleasure to hear it. The composer directs an intelligent little band. Altogether, Mr. Stange and Mr. Edwards deserve well of the public; and the public seems likely to take their artistic, wholesome, and charming little work to its affections. "Cead mille failthe" and "Erin go bragh" exhaust the present commentator's knowledge of Irish. The first one seems entirely an appropriate greeting; and if the second one can be construed into meaning "Good luck to *Brian Boru!*" this pretty Irish opera deserves such an amiable wish.

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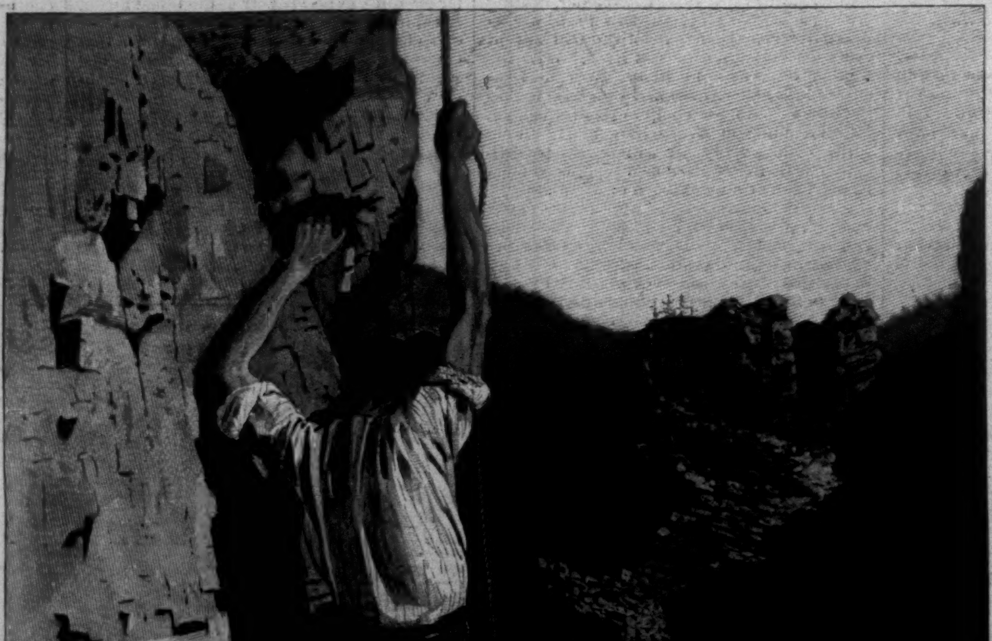
BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

RAILWAY-BUILDING in the Rocky Mountains was always interesting and picturesque, and sometimes adventurous to a high degree. Remote from civilization and supplies, sometimes isolated for long periods by snow or floods, and in the midst of perils, the surveyors and engineers felt like explorers, and the provisioning and discipline of the hosts of road-makers that followed them were similar to those of an army on active service. Now and then this was intensified by real fighting, as when forts were attacked and defended in the contest over the right of way through the Arkansas River cañons.

When, toward the end of the seventies, half a dozen new railways were pushing into the almost unknown West, preliminary surveys were really explorations, and engineers, to be successful, were obliged to develop qualities the schools had never dreamed of. Their parties often remained in the wilderness a whole year, linked with civilization only by the tough little pack-mule. They travelled on foot over every bit of the neighborhood, measuring, levelling, hewing trees, wading and sounding torrents and swamps, studying quicksands and freshets, letting themselves down steep rocks and scrambling up bold precipices. I have seen men hanging by ropes or gingerly creeping along the face of an almost vertical cañon wall, painting surveyors' marks on the rocks, which the dynamiters and pick-men would follow in cutting out a gallery for the track. The beautiful and startling cañon of the Rio Las Animas in southern Colorado witnessed much of this acrobatic engineering.

This sort of work sometimes involved frightful hardships. Men were starved or famished from thirst in the deserts of Idaho and the Southwest, and fought Indians everywhere. Few arctic explorers ever encountered more serious difficulties than beset the early builders of the Canadian Pacific winter-bound north of Lake Superior or in British Columbia. On the Northern Pacific, especially in the Cœur d'Alêne Mountains, much work was done in midwinter through a most difficult country. The snow lay from seven to ten feet deep, and travelling was possible only on snow-shoes. Poles were pushed down to the ground, and the levelling was done from these, with an allowance for the depth of the snow. At night the men dug down to the ground, cleared a narrow pit of snow, and crawled to sleep under little shelter-tents around the embers of the cook's fire.

But the engineers do not always have so hard a time; and many a jolly hour have I spent in their tents or cabins amid the mountains, where the bright waters before the door were rushing away to the Rio Grande or the Columbia.



A DIFFICULT BIT OF RAILROAD SURVEYING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—DRAWN BY MARC LUCAS.

It is, however, after construction has actually begun that the greatest activity and most picturesque industry appear in the woods. Contracts were frequently made by a single manager for several hundred miles of line, and the whole length would be manned at once.

In such a case camps were established at convenient intervals, with commissary and cooking arrangements, a "store" for general supplies, a hospital and surgical staff, accommodations for feeding and nursing the animals, local mail and field-telegraph service, and sometimes even barracks for a guard of troops. The march of the paymaster on his tours through the British Columbia construction camps in 1885 and '86, accompanied by a squadron of scarlet-coated Mounted Police, was a spectacle as dazzling in the mighty woods as it was welcome. His money was carried in a big leather valise on the back of an old white horse, warranted not to run away! Never was a more disreputable piece of old baggage seen, but nobody had a disrespectful word to say of it or its owner.

The scene of such operations was always an animated one, especially where progress could be rapid. Nowhere were greater activity and speed obtained than in the construction of the Canadian Pacific across the plains from Winnipeg to the mountains, where often five miles a day would be completed for weeks in succession; and in this case the work was made solid as it went along, so that trains could be run at forty miles an hour over a track spiked down only the day before.

Here the chiefs and their clerks dwelt in a set of movable offices, which could always be kept at the head of the growing line. These were houses shaped like box-cars, which were mounted upon a train of flat-cars, hauled to the extreme of the advancing track, slid off upon skids to the ground and set up for a few days, then put back upon the train and carted along as far as the new line had advanced. With them went similar structures for the hospitals, telegraph offices, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, draughtsmen, and so on.

The great body of graders and common workmen lived in tents, or made camps of turf huts, etc., and the care of the immense corrals of horses and mules employed was always interesting. In Colorado the same sort of thing was accomplished by the use of large canvas tents mounted upon wooden frames, which locked together by an ingenious arrangement of hooks and bolts, so that they could be taken apart and moved frequently. This was an idea borrowed from circus-men. The workmen gathered in immense public messes, served in long tents, or perhaps in the open air, by cooks and waiters who were the roughest of the rough; and the food, though abundant and hearty, was outrageously cooked and most uncomfortably devoured.

For the track-layers, bridge-builders, and more permanent and skilful bands of workmen a different arrangement was made on the Canadian Pacific, Great Northern, and some other roads by the use of "boarding-trains."

These consisted of a long line of huge box-cars, some of which were devoted to the storekeepers, the cooks, and their kitchens, others to sleeping or official purposes. They were of various sizes, sometimes two stories in height, as there were no low bridges to go under; their roofs were utilized for the storage of every imaginable tool and article, often hung with lines of red and gray under-clothes, as the result of the week's "wash," and frequently supported little dog-tents, where men slept in a purer air than that inside these peripatetic dormitories; and their outside walls were decorated with the whole variety of things that could be hung upon nails and pegs.

In such a caravan a telegrapher would set up a temporary office, the boss would have his office, and a car would perhaps be devoted to the needs of a paymaster, where a big safe did duty for a bank, and two revolvers in the belt of every clerk formed a guard in the absence of the Mounted Police.

No further description will be needed to show how picturesque such a long, wobbling, disreputable train of old cars would be, and how dreary a home as compared with a clean tent under the fragrant spruces, such as the mountain men enjoyed. The heat was always terrific by day, and the cold likely to be piercing at night; and ever blew the plains winds, bringing in a cloud the alkali dust disturbed by the graders, and the pungent smoke of sage-brush fires.

A more comfortable and curious phase of life was to be seen in Idaho and Montana when the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific were building lines through those regions. Large numbers of Mormons went north from Utah and the Bear River Valley and took small subcontracts in grading. Every one who had a wife took her with him—sometimes two or three—and a good share of the children. They came in groups of ten or fifteen neighbors, forming a "company" under some leader, usually the owner of all the horses and wagons employed, who took a subcontract to grade a mile or two at a time. Wages were good, board cheap, ample, and wholesome; health and clothes were looked after; there was little temptation to waste money in foolishness or riot, and the presence of women, youngsters, and fiddles made the evenings gay around every such patriarchal lodge. Hundreds of these small family companies of Mormons moved along from week to week with the progress of the work, and returned prosperous to their farms and villages when the season was ended.

At intervals, as a railroad progressed, especially on the farther plains, there were established termini, which became depots and forwarding-points for building materials and private goods. Here business men would set up canvas or shanty stores, and the place would soon become the focus of the whole traffic of the frontier. When I was gathering by daily experience the material for my *Knocking Round the Rockies* there were scores of such towns; now one or two in the Kootenay country alone represent the exciting, ephemeral past. There would gather all the stragglers as well as the leaders, the idle as well as the busy humanity of the region, and a wild rough whirlpool of excitement seethed without stint for a few weeks—perhaps a whole winter through.

A "city" would be plotted, town lots sell at fancy prices, and everything boom like a mountain torrent in June. Tenderfeet were persuaded that the future metropolis of the prairies had surely been planted. But some morning the railway company would advertise that its trains would thenceforth run regularly to some point fifty miles or so beyond, and a stampede begins. The railway division headquarters is loaded upon a train of platform cars and sent forward. The freighting-men strike their tents, or take to pieces their movable houses, and ship them, along with their goods, in their huge wagons or upon the first available trains. The small storekeepers, the saloon-men, the gamblers, the variety shows, the liverymen, the lawyers and laundrymen, all pack up and follow in haste, to repeat the boom at the new terminus, and so within a week the almost deserted town drops to its proper status as a mere railway station.

AMATEUR · SPORT

This Department went to press Friday, October 30.

UNDER DATE OF OCTOBER 24 this Department criticised the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Committee for continuing, after other universities had abandoned it as of unwholesome influence, preliminary football practice; on the "evidence thus given of viewing the game and the preparation for it rather as a business than as a sport"; and for the thereby suggested assimilation to a professional spirit which regards victory of first importance.

We have received a letter from this committee, which, as requested, is herewith published—not that there are two sides to the preliminary-practice question, but because the work of this committee in other directions in the general effort making for healthful college sport suggests the possibility of an honest difference of opinion, and entitles them to our consideration:

PHILADELPHIA, *October 22, 1896.*

SIR,—The paragraphs in this week's issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY in which you refer to us contain views which we believe are unsound, and criticisms that are unjust to Pennsylvania. With your statement that Pennsylvania is revealing a professional spirit in football we take distinct issue. It is true that the candidates for our team spent three weeks (not a month) in preliminary training at a hotel, not "hired especially for the occasion," but along with many September guests. This practice was taken openly, not covertly, as in the case, as you know, of some of the other prominent universities. Consistently with amateur sport, similar preliminary training has always been recognized and indulged in—*e. g.*, the annual preliminary training of the Yale and Harvard crews at New London; of our own and the Columbia, Cornell, and Harvard crews, who were quartered for several weeks at the hotels near Poughkeepsie last summer; of the Yale crew who recently spent six weeks in preliminary training at Henley, as did Cornell the year before; of the Yale track team preparatory to their games with Oxford in '95; of the Cambridge track team here last summer; and of the All American amateur track team preparatory to their contest with the representative amateur team of England in 1895.

AN INDIAN MASS PLAY ON YALE TACKLE FOR FIVE YARDS GAIN.

YALE *VS.* CARLISLE INDIANS, MANHATTAN FIELD, OCTOBER 24, 1896.
Cayou, Indian Back, awaiting his Signal.

If "the example and experience of older and more conservative institutions" (we may say, *en passant*, that Pennsylvania, second only to Harvard in point of age, was founded by Franklin in 1740) are necessary, you will at once recall the above and other instances of a similar kind.

From our faculty's stand-point a limited period thus spent in preliminary training is eminently proper and beneficial. The mode of life of the young men during these three weeks was simple and wholesome; their fare was of the plainest; their work was carefully supervised with relation to their general health as much as to their football capacity. The men who were thought to be slow in their studies were encouraged to spend a part of each day with their books.

Football is a game requiring a maximum expenditure of physical exertion, and a condition of mental alertness and activity which makes great demands on both the body and the mind of the player. We believe that it is unwise to allow young men to engage in it without at least so much careful preliminary attention to their bodily condition as will ensure them against unnecessary strain and injury; and we think, with all respect, that this is a matter about which you are less qualified to form an intelligent opinion than some members of our own body. We believe also that the football season makes less demand on the time and thought of an undergraduate if he has learned at least a part of his football lesson before his actual scholastic work begins. Otherwise the students are apt to be so physically fatigued as to be unfit for study, and therefore unable to maintain their class standing—a prerequisite to participation in athletics at Pennsylvania.

Our medical advisers, as well as our faculty committee, believe that the men are both safer physically and better students, as well as better football-players, for limiting rather than abolishing this preliminary period.

We think, moreover, that the game itself as developed in this country has a value to the whole student body, as encouraging and fostering manly attributes, which justifies this slight extension of the football season as a means of promoting the scientific character of the game.

We have been in favor of a limitation of this preliminary training, which, like much else in American athletics, has tended to extremes. On February 12, 1896, we wrote to Harvard that we thought "it would be wise to limit the preliminary season for football training, and would be quite willing to act simultaneously with Harvard in the passage of a rule which should forbid the candidates for the team from assembling for this purpose, either as a body or in separate squads, for a period longer than three weeks prior to the date of the opening of the university." We added: "The climate in Philadelphia and vicinity is so insufferably hot, however, in September, that we would not deem it prudent, as far as Pennsylvania is concerned, to require the candidates to assemble at the university. If you will draft such a rule and send it on, our committee will join with you in enacting it." To this proposition we had a cordial assent, saying that there had been opposition to such action, but that if we would act jointly with them there would be no more trouble about it. Although, on account of preoccupation, the mutual agreement was not formally entered into, our committee proceeded to make the rule as above suggested to govern Pennsylvania. We would, of course, have made the same proposition to Yale and Princeton had we expected to play football with them.

With respect to our rules of eligibility, you well know they are very strict, and have been rigidly enforced for several years, including the rule to which you call attention in this same issue as having been recently passed by another university, namely, the "one year's residence rule."

There may be ground, in spite of the above facts, for some honest difference of opinion as to the permission we have granted for three weeks' preliminary practice, but talk of such action as "revealing a professional spirit" is so intemperate as in itself to do more harm to the cause of amateur sport than would an even longer period of preliminary training.

Yours truly,
J. WILLIAM WHITE,
H. LAUSSAT GEYELIN,
JNO. C. BELL,
GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER.

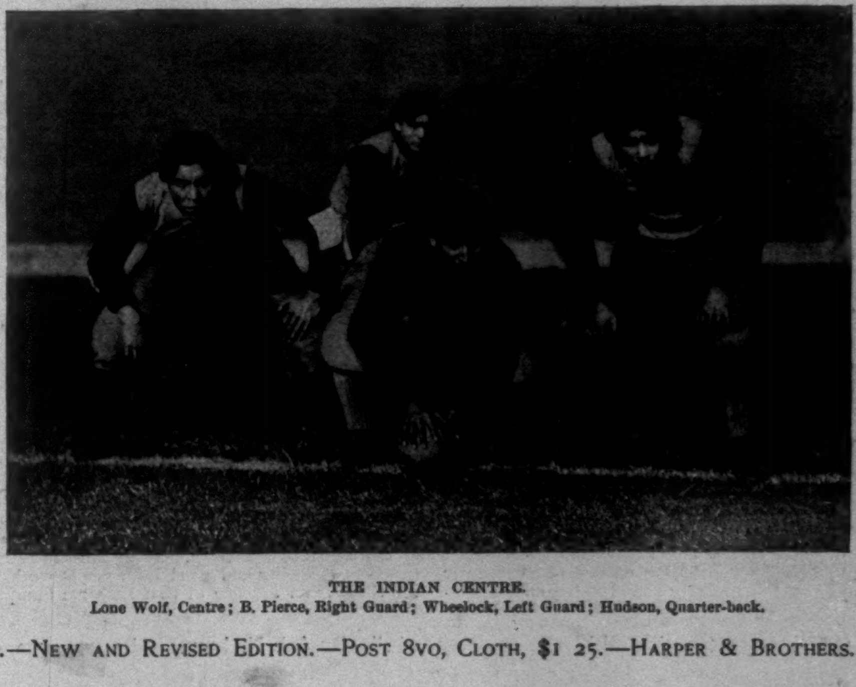
EVIDENTLY THESE GENTLEMEN do not completely understand precisely what is meant by preliminary practice. The custom upon which this Department has always directed its criticism, and will continue always to do so, is that of getting together for football drilling, several weeks before the college term opens, all candidates for the eleven and boarding and lodging them free of cost. I fail to see what difference it makes in the spirit of the proceeding whether part of a hotel or the entire caravansary is "hired especially for the occasion," or whether the period of free board and lodging extends over six weeks or is ended at three.

The comparison in the Committee's letter of this preliminary football practice with the final work of the college crews at New London and Poughkeepsie has no point whatsoever. They are by no means parallel cases, either in spirit or in fact. Besides, the crew-work at Poughkeepsie and New London is not preliminary (except insomuch as all training is indeed preliminary up to the very day of contest); it is the finishing work just before the race, and the men are practically all assigned to their positions. Both the Yale and the Cornell crews, and the Yale and the Cambridge track teams, had been in training several months before they went into final preparation near the scene of their approaching international struggle.

BUT ALL THIS IS BESIDE THE QUESTION of the preliminary practice with which we have been confronted in football. Of course the life of men during preliminary football practice is "simple and wholesome"; men in training are not usually permitted indulgence in dissipations. It is not the point how much expenditure of "physical exertion" is needed by football; it is not the point that the man likely to neglect his studies for football should be taught "a part of his football lesson before his actual scholastic work begins"; it is the point that any university should lay such stress upon the winning of their football eleven as to go beyond the usual time of preparation and breed professional instincts by lodging and boarding men for no other purpose than that they might secure that much more drilling and advantage over their rivals, and have thereby an extra chance or two of success.

INDIANS SCORE A TOUCH-DOWN.
Captain B. Pierce about to kick Goal.

THIS IS THE POINT in this specific case:—that Pennsylvania should persist in maintaining this preliminary prac-



THE INDIAN CENTRE.
Lone Wolf, Centre; B. Pierce, Right Guard; Wheelock, Left Guard; Hudson, Quarter-back.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

tice when all friends of healthful college sport are agreed that it is a menace, and after all the leading universities have officially abandoned it. For abandoned it they have, despite the allusion in the committee's letter to covert practice by "other prominent universities." Three or four Princeton backs that had summered in the neighborhood of Asbury Park met every day for a week for practice in kicking; a couple of Yale's backs did the same at their homes; several Harvard backs were the guests for a week, I believe, of Professor Beale at his country place. That is all the preliminary practice of which I have heard in connection with "other prominent universities," and in every case, except perhaps Harvard's, the men were at or near where they had made their residence during vacation, and in no case was there organized practice, nor was the board and lodging or the expenses of any of the individuals paid by his university athletic association.

It is well enough to enter a plea for preliminary practice on the ground of "promoting the scientific character of the game," but the indisputable fact is that preliminary practice is not and never was countenanced for that particular purpose. It was first inaugurated with the idea of sizing up the men, of sifting the impossible from possible candidates for vacant positions; subsequently it developed into a preliminary drilling in the rudiments of the game, and first and last and at all times it has been regarded valuable not as an aid in promoting the scientific side of football, but as giving the team an extra chance or so of winning.

Even were it solely a promoter of football science, it should still be viewed with alarm, since intelligent observers are agreed that the game is already too scientific. What we need in all our games is more manifestation of a spirit of sport for sport's sake; and the abandonment of this preliminary practice by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton was gratifying evidence of the dawn of just such a spirit.

As to Pennsylvania's statement, that "our medical advisers, as well as our faculty committee, believe that the men are both safer physically and better students, as well as better football-players, for limiting rather than abolishing this preliminary period"—of course I make no pretence to medical knowledge, nor have I any means of knowing whether the scholarship of the Pennsylvania eleven averages higher than that of the teams of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Cornell, though I should be much surprised to learn that it did. But regarding injuries and football playing and training, perhaps I am qualified to speak.

Last October, after six weeks of preliminary practice before the college term began, Pennsylvania's team, despite its veteran and highly skilled *personnel*, had one of the most extraordinary "slumps," to drop into the vernacular, that have probably ever been seen on the gridiron. At about the last of October and first of November their play was far from first-class, while they had as many men on the injured list as any of the colleges that had not gone through a "preliminary practice."

This October, after three weeks of a "simple and wholesome" life on Long Island, during which "their work was carefully supervised with relation to their general health as much as to their football capacity," the Pennsylvania team is playing poorer football than Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, which had no preliminary practice, and has more men reported on the injured list.

It seems to me these facts speak for themselves.

Truth is, the value, from a playing point of view, of preliminary football practice is a sophistry. Men get too much of football and training; they go stale in mind and body. Any intelligent trainer knows as much.

Pennsylvania's Athletic Committee has during the past year shown itself a sincere champion of wholesome college sport. It would be too bad to create doubts of that sincerity by the toleration of anything so productive of professional instincts as this preliminary football-training period.

To give men free board and lodging in pay for their attendance at football practice is an offence against both the spirit and the letter of the amateur law.

To prepare athletes during vacation for a contest which comes within term time is to reveal a spirit that regards mere winning as paramount.

And this is the spirit of the professional.

How far the Bankers' Athletic Club (Chicago) has gone in its disregard of amateur first principles may be judged by the following excerpts from an official announcement of the chairman of the club's athletic committee:

"The athletic policy that prevailed in the club's early days, insisting that participation in club teams be limited exclusively to members, was entirely a matter of sentiment, never demanded by the letter or spirit of our laws, nor by any expressed wish of the membership at large. .... It has been and will continue to be our policy to favor as far as possible club members in the selection of club teams, but we do not believe it to be the sentiment of the membership that such a policy be pursued at the expense of making our teams the laughing-stock of the athletic world."

What an extraordinary pronouncement from the athletic chairman of an amateur club! It evidently does not occur to this heedless official that the credit reflected upon a competing club is measured in the amateur world more by the *personnel* of its teams than by their work. It might be even more commendable to create merriment than disgust. But then patent facts are lost on such an official; he will appreciate them, probably, when he has run his club into dissolution. Meantime at least one member of the club has the courage of his ethical convictions, Frank E. Brown, who has resigned the presidency, but continues his efforts to convert his confrères. His field is large, and the material obdurate, we fear.

Harvard and Princeton will meet next Saturday at Cambridge, and the crimson eleven is certain to reveal much better football than the team's recent exhibitions would suggest. Last Saturday's games must have given some indication of what Harvard and Princeton are capable; but owing to Election day falling on one of our regular printing days, and the parade for Sound Money and McKinley making a holiday of Saturday, this Department went to press Friday, and my last view of these teams was on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 27 and 28, ten days before their game.

Ten days to the Harvard eleven in its present stage of development ought to be sufficient to bring it from ragged, uncertain work up to steady, consistently hard football. There is certainly the making in Harvard's material this year of a team of great strength and dash. Some valuable time has been lost in playing Cabot at full-back and in the delay of choosing the line men, and there is no doubt that Wrightington's absence from the back field has had a depressing influence on the spirit of play. Nevertheless, if Harvard has been wise enough to spare her crippled men from the chance of further injury in the Indian game (October 31), even though it resulted in defeat, she will have a team to send against Princeton next Saturday (November 7) that will put up a very sharp struggle, and have some chance of winning a close, hard game. Of course this is assuming that Harvard is going to make the most out of her material, and that Wrightington and Wheeler, particularly the former, will be able to play at least through one half. If these men do not start in the game, and if Arthur Brewer does not play at end, and Haughton is unable to take his place at right tackle, Harvard's prospects for success against Princeton are decidedly remote.

In no recent game has the *personnel* of Harvard's eleven been so settled or its work as a unit so consistent as to give a definite idea of its possibilities. One has been able only to gather but a vague impression of its capabilities under development from occasional glimpses of team-play and from some most excellent individual effort. The Brown game proved what Dunlop and R. Brown can do in kicking and ground-gaining with the ball in hand, and what a steadying and rallying power is Frank Shaw in the line. The game on Wednesday against a team composed of Harvard graduates can hardly be taken as a criterion of Harvard play, since the 'varsity, outside the centre trio, the quarter-back, and right end, was composed largely of substitutes for the greater length of the game, and opposed to these men were Hallowell, Bert Waters, Marshall Newell, and Arthur Brewer, four of the best tackles and ends Harvard ever had. Besides which, as coaches of Harvard, they of course knew all the 'varsity signals.

Harvard's play was very poor, nevertheless, more so than there was any reason for. After Dunlop's field goal, which was the 'varsity's only score (against their opponents' 8 points), Harvard never really played the game, and the graduates were masters of the situation to the call of time. Outside of the centre, and Moulton at right end, Harvard's line-work was exceedingly ragged. Lewis at end has not fulfilled the promise he gave at the beginning of the season, and no amount of gruelling seems likely to round Sargent into a satisfactory tackle. This will be a vulnerable point indeed if it be not materially strengthened before the Princeton game. And yet Mills and Merriman appear to have every natural requisite for tackle, and have done fairly well too, but none has given evidence of being really strong in the position, and the best Harvard has are undoubtedly Wheeler and Haughton, neither of whom is nearly so good as Church of Princeton, or has even shown such excellent all-round work as Hildebrand, also of Princeton.

At this writing Wheeler and Haughton are both laid up with bad knees, and while they will probably play next Saturday, Wheeler's rest, meantime, has told on the condition of a man naturally inclined to take on weight.

Harvard's centre ought to be strong. There are few better men than the two Shaws at centre and right guard, and Bouvé has given every evidence of working into a satisfactory left guard. He is inexperienced, and therefore does not get into the play as much as a first-class guard should, but he is strong and improving and, when he runs with the ball, hits the line hard, and is seldom stopped short of a gain. If Wheeler and Haughton are both equal to playing, the tackle positions will be fairly strong, though Harvard has not been really strong here for two years. Had these two men been fit the last three weeks, they would have worked into such shape as to give Harvard as much stability at tackle as in the centre. If they can keep in active practice until November 21, Harvard will close the season against Pennsylvania with a strong, well-balanced line. Cabot will have hard work getting in form for the Princeton game, but may be relied upon to look after his end satisfactorily. If Arthur Brewer plays, it should make a great difference in the strength of the Harvard line, and good ends will be needed to stop Princeton's end plays. In case Brewer does not play end, Moulton will probably do so, and though he is not so valuable, considered from every point of view, he is a very good end, and one calculated to make a reputation before he closes his football career.

Beale has improved his work at quarter, particularly in getting into the play, and should be of much greater service to the eleven than he was last year. Barring Gelbert of Pennsylvania, there are no better backs in the country than Dunlop and Brown, and Wrightington is Gelbert's equal if not superior. If Wrightington does not play, Harvard's loss will be extreme; at least he should direct the game, even if it be from the side-lines.

Comparing the two teams as they are to-day, Princeton's chances of winning are certainly two to one, but in the ten days that intervene between this writing and the game there is opportunity for Harvard to bring her eleven up to a degree of skill that will assure a close contest, and may even turn what now looks like defeat into victory.

If the Princeton eleven can hold its best pace, and does not become a victim of over-confidence, it ought to close this season in more glory than it did the last one. It seems to me I have noted a new spirit in the general play of the eleven; formerly the team played in its practice games as if it were conferring an honor upon its opponents in merely lining up against them, and did not have to play good football to beat them. There must have been some excellent coaching and good influence at work this year, for there is an absence of that tiresome bumptiousness, and in its stead an apparent feeling that there is yet some football worth the learning.

Certainly the eleven has played with commendable spirit, and set to work early and earnestly to supply the vacancies left by two such high-class guards as Riggs and Rhoades. The best showing the team has made was against the strong Indian eleven, which it defeated, 22 to 6—*i. e.*, it was the best showing insomuch as it revealed the possibilities of the Princeton eleven when aroused to its utmost endeavors. It played a hard game against Lafayette, which resulted in a tie score, 0–0, but it was too early in the season for its best work; it was, in other words, not such good play as it made against West Point (winning by 11 to 0) or against the Indians. And this is by no means disparaging Lafayette's work, for it is thoroughly first class, as its victory (6–4) over Pennsylvania conclusively proved.

The strength of Princeton this year is most apparent in the number of men that get into every play. There is evidence of a disposition among the players to regard their usefulness not ended until the ball is "held." Which means that every man considers every possible tackle as his tackle, and this is the spirit that makes team-play and a hard eleven to beat. If they can sustain this spirit and keep up their improvement in play, Princeton ought to defeat both Harvard and Yale.

Practically the Princeton eleven is settled upon, although in the remaining weeks of the season changes at left guard and left end are possibilities. Gailey is permanently located at centre, and is thus far the strongest of the year. Armstrong, who last year played behind the line, is at right guard, and though not the equal of either Riggs or Rhoades, is satisfactory. Left guard has been filled by Tyler, formerly at tackle, the greater part of the time, and latterly on occasions by Crowdis, some time substitute centre. Tyler is not an ideal guard, and at times not even a satisfactory one; in some respects Crowdis is better; he is more steadfast against mass plays, but not so quick on his feet, and more easily put out of a play. Chances are Tyler will fill the place, but if he does not brace up, his will be a weak spot in the line.

The tackle positions will be well filled by Church and Hildebrand, both of whom are very strong on defensive work, and into every play for a purpose. Cochran has not done as good work at right end as he did last year.

A line-man saddled with the captaincy rarely does himself justice. Still, he is a good strong player, but will be outclassed by Cabot, A. Brewer, Bass, and Hinkey, unless he attains his old form speedily. On Princeton's left end Thompson had been playing until Brokaw revealed such unexpected strength, since when Thompson has been seen less frequently. Brokaw evidently has the stuff in him for a first-class end, but his 'varsity experience is limited to this season, and it is doubtful whether, in an important game, like the approaching one with Harvard, for instance, he would be so serviceable to his team as Thompson, who, after all, is a thoroughly trustworthy player.

Comparing the two lines, it will be about an even thing between the centre trios, with Princeton stronger at tackle and Harvard stronger on the ends.

Behind the line, Smith has developed into so good a quarter as to not only put Suter out of consideration, but to give Princeton greater strength in that position than she has had since King filled it. Of the half-backs there is little choice among Bannard, Reiter, and Kelly; all are hard line-buckers, Kelly perhaps the most determined of the three, though he is not quite so quick in getting under way perhaps. In Baird, Princeton has developed a full-back who bids fair to head the list this year. He is a strong runner, and certain in handling and kicking the ball. It will be dangerous for Harvard or Yale to give him a chance for field goal from anywhere near the 35-yard line.

Harvard always plays a stronger game on home grounds than elsewhere, and we shall see a fine exhibition of football on Soldiers Field next Saturday, while the chances of winning must be considered somewhat to favor Princeton.

Yale's half-back problem still remains unsolved. In the game against the Elizabeth A. C., which referee decisions gave them, 12 to 6, they played Goodman, Mills, and Benjamin, and none showed any especial improvement over the work in the Indian game. The chief need seems to be a steadying influence back of the line, and it would seem Hinkey at full should furnish it, although no results are yet apparent. In kicking, Hinkey is an improvement on Chauncey, but his line-bucking is not good enough to make his services in the back field as valuable as they should be. Chamberlain at centre is an improvement on McFarlan, and Murray has somewhat bettered his work, though he still wastes his energy at inopportune times. Yale's line, it is safe to say, will work into first-class shape; and will be beyond criticism, no doubt, when it meets Princeton. But vigorous coaching is needed to bring the back field up to standard. Some experimenting will probably be done within the next ten days, and by the second week in November we shall be better able to judge of Yale's prospects.

The Yale football association should take official notice of the gift its eleven has had of the Indian and Elizabeth A. C. games. On both occasions the referees were ex-Yale 'varsity players, Hickok and De Witt, and each time outrageously unfair decisions gave the game to Yale. A stop should be put to this partisanship or incompetency of officials, and it would be sportsmanly of Yale, as the most illustrious recipient of unearned favors this season, to take the initiative.

Pennsylvania's game against Brown, won by score 16–0, showed much improvement on their play against Lafayette. It found Woodruff back at left guard—where he belongs—and a new and superior man at quarter in Fortescue. There was some fumbling, but two blocked kicks showed Penn.'s weakness most painfully. The eleven do not seem to be together, and the team-play we have been accustomed to see in Penn. is lacking.

Brown played a strong game, Colby and Hall and Fultz doing especially good work.

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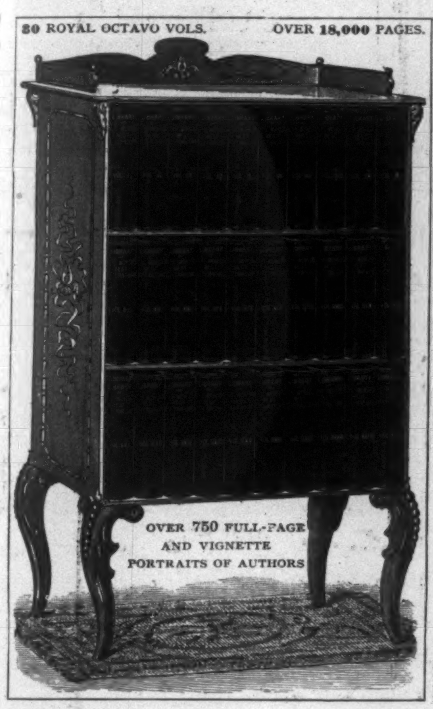
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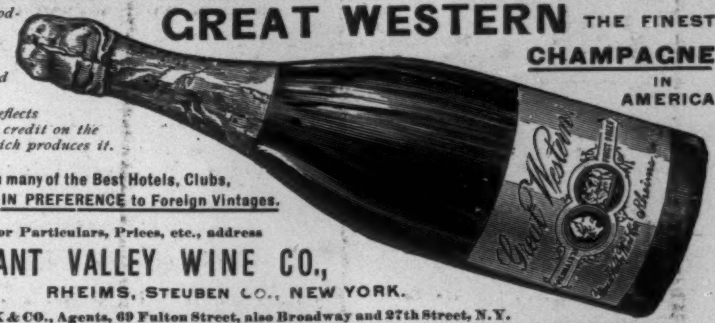

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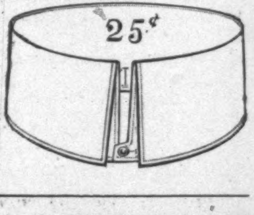

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